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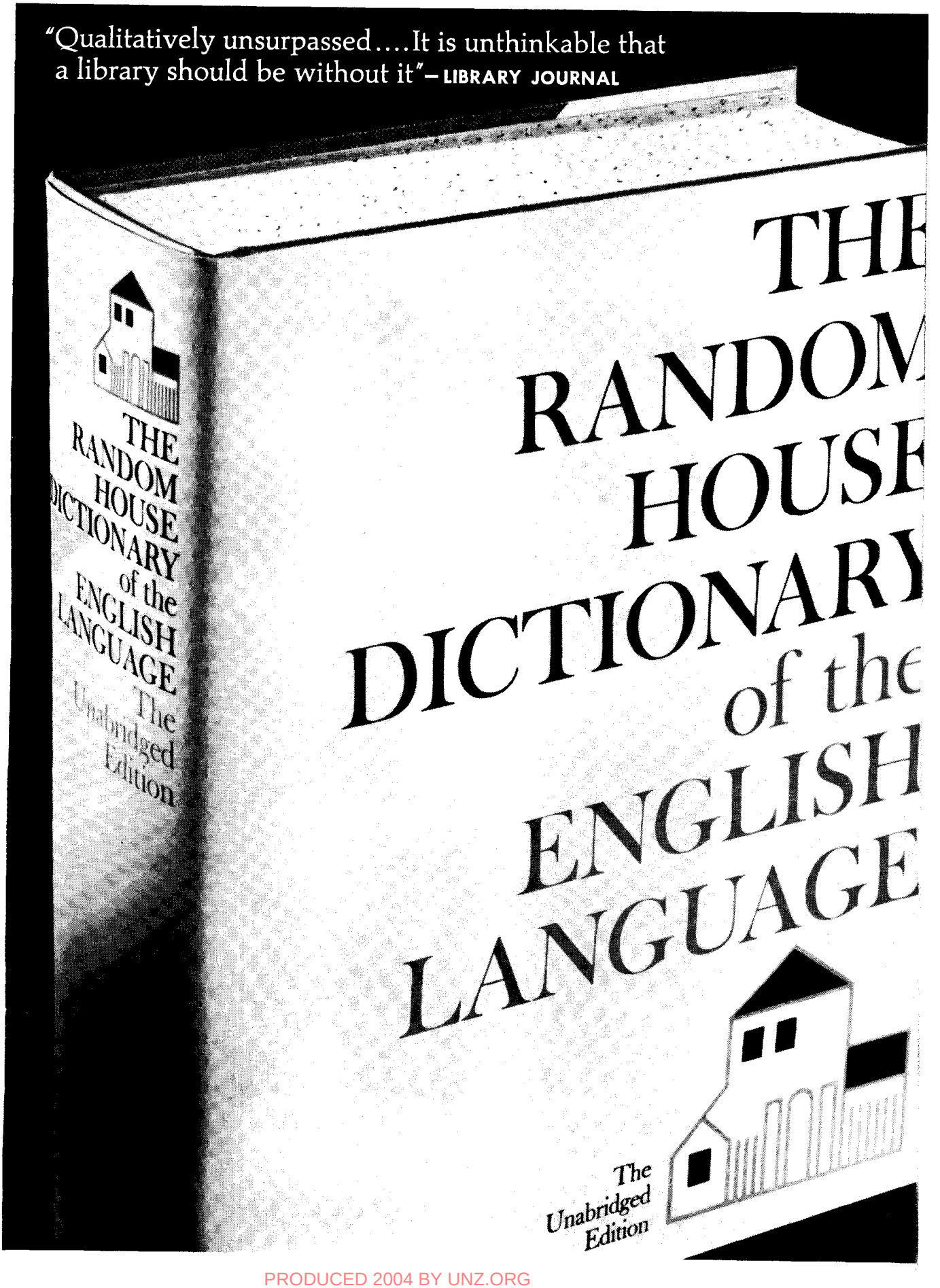
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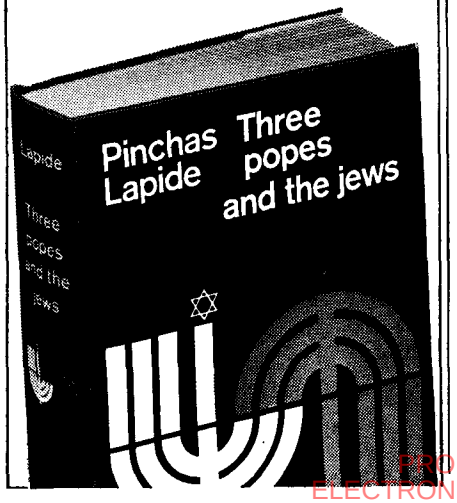

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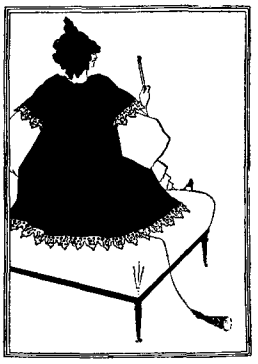

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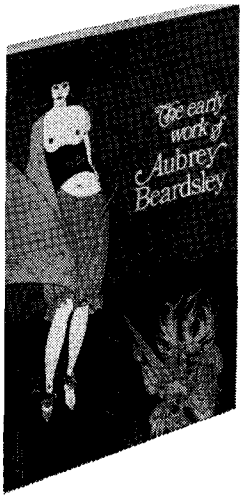

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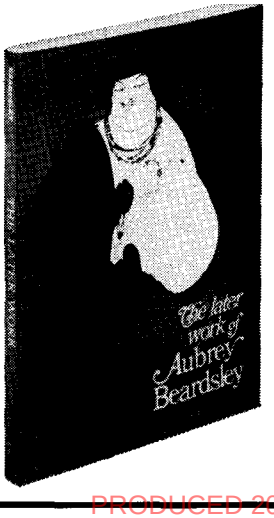

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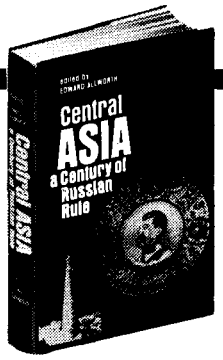

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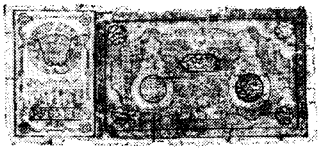

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Chaudri Muhammad Ali

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MAX ASCOLI draws a lesson from the second battle of Israel that, it is to be hoped, should be the last one of the war in the Middle East.

TWO of our staff writers with long experience in the Middle East went to Israel as war flared. **George Bailey's** vivid dispatch describes what he saw in visits to all three battlefronts; **Claire Sterling** deals with the mood and political pressures in Tel Aviv. . . . **Walter Laqueur,** director of the Institute of Contemporary History in London, pieces together evidence to show that the crucial Soviet role in the crisis was prepared well in advance. He concludes that although the Russians have received some setbacks, they have also made gains toward their long-term goals in the region. . . . And from Paris, **Edmond Taylor** discusses the implications of the Moscow-directed campaign in behalf of the Arabs and against Israel and the United States. It has divided left-wing and fellow-traveling groups but has also imposed a new hard-line phase of political warfare on Communist Parties that goes far to expose the illusion of détente.

FOR some years the idea prevailed in the administration that a balance of power had been reached in nuclear weapons between the United States and the Soviet Union, and that the arms race should be slowed to preserve the balance. Today, Russia's avowed intention to expand its system of anti-intercontinental ballistic missiles has spurred leading scientists and military men to warn that we are already at a disadvantage in the field and must without delay make the difficult and costly effort to build an AICBM system of our own. The question divides the defense community and, according to **Hanson W. Baldwin,** the Pulitzer Prize winning military editor of the New York *Times*, the decision must be made soon, for time is running against us. . . . Two new names have gone onto the ever-changing map of Black Africa —Botswana and Lesotho, both former British protectorates in the orbit of South Africa. A third neighbor, Swaziland, is on the way to independence. Because their relatively traditionalist governments have begun to collabora on development with the land of apar heid, they now are a focal point contention between the radical an moderate African political forces. **No Mostert,** a South-African-born fre lance journalist who has written wide for magazines in North America an England, recently toured the new n tions. . . . **Denis Warner's** latest repo from Vietnam sounds a warning th the build-up of North Vietnamese re ular divisions facing allied troops sout of the demilitarized zone probabl signals the beginning of a bitter intens fication of the conflict.

FROM time to time we have pause to consider from varying points view the romance of transportation, what is popularly known as the impa of the automobile on our civilizatio The present retrospective considera tion is by **Margaret Creal,** for whon as a child, all roads led not to Rom but to her own small town of Grenfel Saskatchewan. Mrs. Creal now lives i the United States and is the wife of a Episcopalian minister and educato . . . **Adele Zeidman Silver,** a free-lanc writer, demonstrates the value of n being entirely up-to-date—at least a far as the museum business is cor cerned. . . . **Stephen Sandy** is an instruc tor at Harvard, and is the autho of the recently published collectio *Stresses in the Peaceable Kingdo* (Houghton Mifflin). It is available i both hard cover and paperback. . . **Gene Baro,** critic, poet, and lecture is the editor of *After Appomattox: Th Image of the South in its Fiction* (Co inth). . . . **Werner L. Gundersheime** teaches at the University of Pennsyl vania, and is working on a book abou the Italian Renaissance in Ferrara. H has edited for Harper & Row a forth coming volume, *French Humanism 1470-1600*, and has edited for Prentice Hall *The Italian Renaissance* (pape back). . . . **Norman Jackson** has jus returned to his native England from Fulbright year spent at the State Uni versity of Iowa. . . . **Jay Jacobs** ofte contributes to *The Reporter* in a doubl capacity, as writer and as artist.

Our cover for this issue is by **Bil Berry.**

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LEGISLATORS AND HELLER

To the Editor: Martin Nolan, in "Walter Heller's Federalist Papers" (*The Reporter*, June 1) rightly praises Heller's plan for sharing Federal revenues with states and localities. But Nolan also notes correctly that the plan offers no incentive to states to modernize either their own governments or those of their localities. Moreover, Heller's plan does nothing directly for our cities.

I therefore introduced on January 10, 1967, a bill that tries both to preserve the fiscal good sense of the Heller Plan and to remedy its defects. H.R. 1166 provides that:

1. At least fifty per cent of the Federal unrestricted or "block" grants would have to be passed on by the states to their local governments.

2. These block grants would supplement the present Federal flow of restricted or "categorical" grants, which may be spent only in specified ways for specified purposes. In this, H.R. 1166 agrees with the Heller Plan but differs from Republican proposals to replace categorical aid with block grants controlled mainly by the states.

3. Each state, in order to qualify for unrestricted grants, would have first to prepare a plan, to be approved by regional governors' conferences and by the prestigious Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, for modernizing not only its own government but also the local governments —the counties, towns, villages, and cities—which are its creatures. This recognizes that state constitutions and statutes are today the main barriers to revitalizing local government.

My plan, in short, is both to give needed dollars to states and to encourage them in their duty of modernizing themselves and their localities. Even though this plan will not cure every ill in our Federal system today, it tackles two major problems and is thus far better than no reform at all.

HENRY S. RUESS
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: As a member of the Maryland Legislature, I was particularly interested in "Walter Heller's Federalist Papers."

Maryland presents an unusual local government situation in that in Baltimore County, the largest and most heavily populated county, there is not one single incorporated town, while in other counties there are numerous incorporated cities. Perhaps the Maryland Legislature, with members representing all types of state subdivisions from the City of Baltimore, a separate corporate entity accorded a "county" definition in many of our local laws, to small counties with incorporated towns, can act as a pioneer in bringing about some acceptable form of the Heller proposals.

MELVIN A. STEINBERG
State Senate
Annapolis, Maryland

THE BURCHETT FILE

To the Editor: Denis Warner's article "Who is Wilfred Burchett?" (*The Reporter*, June 1) is of considerable interest to us because we have carried many of Burchett's articles. I intend to call this to the AP's attention promptly.

NORMAN E. ISAACS
Executive Editor
The *Courier-Journal*
and the *Times*
Louisville, Kentucky

To the Editor: My sincere thanks to *The Reporter* and Denis Warner for setting the public record straight and giving Wilfred Burchett the Communist label he deserves. As a former civilian journalist I have been deeply concerned that other publications have chosen to treat Burchett as any other objective reporter. A recent protest of mine to the editors of *Newsweek* fell on deaf ears. I hope they, the Associated Press, and the New York *Times* read Warner's article.

CAPTAIN LARRY R. LUBENOW
U.S. Army
Indianapolis, Indiana

To the Editor: In Denis Warner's article, "Who is Wilfred Burchett?" it is stated that "He [Burchett] also began an association with the Moscow publication *New Times*, which is now defunct." I have seen *New Times*, No. 20, of May 17, 1967. It appeared to be very much alive.

HOMER SMITH
Chicago

CZECH REALITY

To the Editor: "The Rickety Czech 'New Model'" by Claire Sterling in *The Reporter* for June 1 describes aptly the economic mess created by the Communistic planners. May I quote for completion of the Kafka-like scenery an outstanding Moscow-trained Czech economist, Rudolf Selucky, presently in the doghouse of the Stalinist President Novotny. Professor Selucky wrote in the March issue of the mildly rebellious writers' monthly, *Plamen:*

"The growth of nominal wages in Czechoslovakia is perhaps the slowest of all industrially advanced countries. . . . The (inevitable) downward movement of retail prices was considered to be a socialist economic law; it was based on the assumption that prices will be lower and lower till one day we'll find ourselves in a Communist society, where no money will be necessary. . . . Life, however, proved to be more complex than this attractive, though scarcely realistic theory. . . . [General price decreases] presuppose that we all worked well and that all of us will now benefit by them. . . . The reality convinced us soon, however, that not all of us worked equally well."

A second fundamental cause of the slow growth of wages was supposedly the unusually high growth of industrial employment. As the level of wages was decided administratively (by governmental action), the artificially created ceiling for wages "undermined, at a certain level, interest of people for a more effective work." This situation, one of the major headaches of all People's Democracies, in a highly industrialized country represents a major problem.

DR. J. A. BOUCEK
Carleton University
Northfield, Minnesota

JUSTICE AND THE POOR

To the Editor: Wade Greene's "Helping The Poor Find Justice" (*The Reporter*, May 18) focuses on a great new legal frontier. We face the issue of how much national wealth should be invested in purchasing justice for the poor. Too many Americans because of lack of funds, information, and a shortage of skilled and interested lawyers must accept injustice where the well-to-do know how and can afford to assert rights through legal processes.

New institutions such as federally funded offices providing legal service for the poor, our national office for the rights of the indigent, group legal practice funded by labor unions and other private sources, legal-aid societies, and combinations that have not yet been tried will have to fill the need. As with expanding medical care, government funding will be needed. Since, however, so much legal representation will have to assert rights *against* government, special care must be taken to insulate new efforts from improper pressures.

JACK GREENBERG
Director-Counsel
NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc.
New York

SHIPBOARD READER

To the Editor: Thank you for having rounded out my political status! About a year ago I made the decision to subscribe to *The Reporter* after having read several objective and meaningful articles therein on Vietnam while assigned to the faculty of the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. Shortly after receiving my first copy, I was upbraided by a friend for reading that "left-wing liberal organ!" Recently, another friend described *The Reporter* as a "right-wing reactionary rag." I guess that puts me right where I want to be, in the middle.

JOSEPH A. FELT
Lieutenant Commander
U.S. Navy

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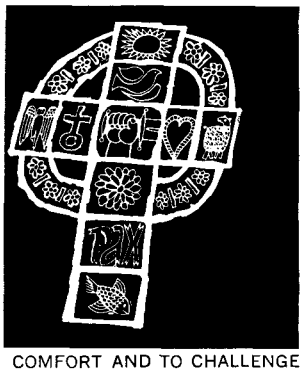

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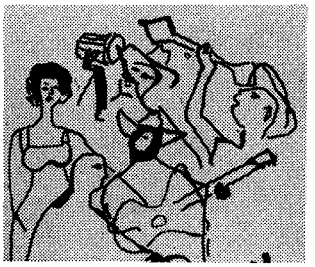

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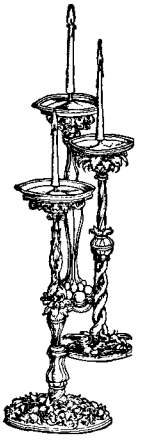

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

As We Said Before

Among its many afflictions, the United Nations suffers from inadequate coverage by the press. During its slow season, which is most of the time, the U.N. is subject only to the scrutiny of the extreme Right, while everyone else looks on in bored and uninformed expectation. Nothing better illustrates this routine state of mind than the reaction when a crisis occurs somewhere in the world.

We have just been through another of these awakenings of attention in relation to the war in the Middle East. It was distinctive only in that the Secretary-General and the Indian government provoked some indignation this time for behaving in a fashion entirely consistent with their day-by-day performance in the U.N.

The legislative work of art known as the UAR-India-Yugoslavia substitute, which in fact incorporates the Soviet position, is nothing new at the U.N. These are the resolutions which the Soviets can endorse with a pious expression of support for the "compromise" of the "non-aligned" nations. Such gimmickry, along with other forms of log-rolling, back-scratching, and burial by committee, is highly reminiscent of practices of the U.S. Congress that many critics find so infuriating. But they are rarely noted, much less deplored. U.N. officials may undermine the organization's own small strength and erode its principles and its capacity to act. But by virtue of their identification with the U.N., their actions are thought to be above criticism.

A CASE in point is the still unsettled affair of the financing and organization of the so-called "peace-keeping operations." Simultaneously with the development of the Middle-Eastern crisis in mid-May, the Committee of Thirty-Three, which was asked in 1965 to work out son acceptable solution to the proble that had deadlocked the Gener Assembly, was reporting that as 1967 it had yet to reach a soluti and wished the Assembly to rec rect it to study the problem son more. A lot of political by-play ha gone into this maneuver, which ca only be understood against the bac ground of what had gone before

In 1964, the Russians, alor with most of the Communist cou tries and the French, were uphe by the Assembly in their refusal pay their debts for the Middle Ea (UNEF) and/or Congo operation The position which would hav obliged them to do so on pain of lo ing their Assembly vote had bee originated by Dag Hammarskjöl temporarily espoused by U Than upheld by a vote of the Assembl and affirmed in an opinion of th World Court. Nonetheless, as Sovie hostility grew, the ranks of th debt-collectors thinned, and thos who held out were understood t be "wrecking" the U.N. In 1964, th United States finally began to bac off too. The problem of the settl ment of the old debt and of arrange ments for future operations was the dispatched to committee for stud and recommendation. Toward th end of summer in 1965, the As sembly reached what it called "three-part consensus": The attemp to penalize the debtors would b dropped, as would be the very no tion that they were debtors. Th Assembly would proceed with it work in normal fashion. And finally "voluntary" contributions would b made to alleviate the organization' financial troubles.

This last little bit of verbal hocus pocus was a way of letting the Rus sians and their fellow non-payer off the hook. Without the stigma o the term "arrears" or the compromis of principle inherent in the idea o assessment, they would cheerfully play their part by making a volun

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tary contribution. To be sure, they had put forth the idea quite often in the past when the pressure on them for payment had grown. At such times it would be noised about the corridors that if the pressure would only let up a little so that they could save some face, the Soviets would come through. Thus, the *Christian Science Monitor* on October 7, 1963: "Soviets may settle U.N. Bill." And again, in December of 1964, the New York *Times:* "Moscow which originally talked of paying $5 million has indicated to friendly delegates that it may pay $10 million to $15 million of the $52.6 million it owes."

When the three-part consensus came, those same friendly delegates were assuring the press and people around the U.N. that it would be a $17-million voluntary payment. That was in 1965, and by 1966 the figure had dropped to around $10 million again. At one point, it sank to an assurance of the lordly sum of $7 million. Then it rose to the $10-15 million figure. The most recent of these whisperings was heard last winter and once again passed on to the U.S. Mission to the U.N. as absolute gospel. Indeed, the New York *Post* became so excited at the prospect that it wrote yet another editorial hailing the international thaw.

Kosygin could alter the situation, but as of mid-June no money had been given or even pledged directly by the Soviets. They have now decided that the United States also must make a "voluntary" payment to go along with theirs. The Secretariat and the "non-aligned" delegates have been urging the United States to go along—for the sake of peace at the U.N.

The substantive problem of future arrangements has not fared much better. By now, the elements of the position the Assembly took prior to the retreat of 1964-1965, look positively quaint. By last December, however, the Assembly in its incarnation as the Special Political Committee had indicated acquiescence by a majority of its members in a Canadian proposal that featured the following financing scheme. Five per cent of an operations cost would have been borne by about a hundred countries designated as "developing"; ninety-five per cent would have been borne by the rest—the industrially developed countries. No one would have been obliged to pay against his will, but the General Assembly would have retained at least some residual capacity to act.

It was all too much, even in this mild form, for the Soviet Union. A UAR-India-Yugoslavia resolution aimed at reconsigning the problem to the Committee of Thirty-Three suddenly turned up. It was defeated. By the time the Canadian proposal reached the Assembly, however, the members had been turned against it, and this time they accepted an Algerian resolution which sent it back to the limbo of the Committee of Thirty-Three.

Senator Clifford Case (R., New Jersey), who served as a delegate at the U.N. this winter, has published an exasperated report on his time there and the disposition of this whole question. "Most of the Afro-Asian members were extremely reluctant to oppose the Soviet Union's stance," he wrote, "against any General Assembly action on the issue. Many looked upon the dispute as only another manifestation of the United States-Soviet Union political differences."

The most interesting aspect of all this is that it is their own powers which the members have so casually repressed. Indeed, it can be argued that the U.S., Canadian, and other governments are encouraging more trouble than they have bargained for by so stoutly insisting upon even these residual rights for the ever-expanding General Assembly. But the prolonged and possibly endless episode illustrates how drastically the U.N. has squandered its own credit and dissipated the usefulness it so often proclaims.

Consider the role which the Secretary General and many of the delegates have sought to play as intermediaries in the Vietnamese war. The consistent passers-on of bad information about Soviet intentions vis-a-vis payments of their debt wish to be taken as seriously as when they convey information about the intentions of Hanoi. The negotiators of the ever fluctuating (mostly downward) and thus far mythical, voluntary payment, see a role for themselves as mediators and representa-

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tives of the U.S. interest. Have they in any of this shown the least capacity to resist Soviet pressure—even when it is at their *own* expense?

Probably the U.N., in the aftermath of the war, will go through another ordeal of abuse and propaganda that will eventually rouse sympathy from many of those who are most critical now. But when the present fracas is ended, the friends of the U.N. could do worse than to pay attention to what is going on in that great glass building and to ask themselves who is "wrecking" the U.N.

On the Obscene Scene

One of the most tedious duties of a Supreme Court justice in recent years is reading the annual clutch of dirty books involved in obscenity cases and deciding whether *Lust Pool* or *Shame Agent* has more claim to the protection of the First Amendment than the already proscribed *Eros* or *Sorority Girls Stringent Initiation.* (The clear unswerving Constitutional answer at the moment is "Yes.") One sympathized with Chief Justice Earl Warren when he complained, "Do we have to read every one of these books?"

The chore may become lighter in the future. As the Supreme Court adjourned for the summer on June 12, it voided thirteen obscenity convictions and allowed only three to stand (the latter not with outright endorsement, but through the somewhat less significant route of "refused to review"). The decisions reflected an at least temporary shift in the majority from the stricter position taken last year in upholding the convictions of Ralph Ginzburg, the publisher of *Eros* and Edward Mishkin, who published sadomasochistic pulp. In the latest cases the Court's two junior justices, Abe Fortas and Byron R. White, cast the decisive votes with the Court's more permissive members, deserting the old majority under William J. Brennan, Jr., and Chief Justice Warren, who suggested the "pandering" rule that sent Ginzburg to jail.

The Court handed down forty-one opinions that day on other matters, but it did not elaborate on its obscenity actions beyond a brief citation, in eleven of the cases, of a May 8 decision that had reversed three more obscenity rulings. That decision had done little to clarify the already cloudy Court doctrine. In something approaching stuttering confusion, the majority then said that while it couldn't decide just why the materials were not obscene, they were not Constitutionally beyond the pale under any theory any justice held. The effect was to leave civil libertarians and Comstockers alike as perplexed, though not as depressed, as Warren must be when a law clerk brings in *Sin Whisper* and *Passion Priestess.*

The patched-over May 8 compromise was not much of a precedent. Five weeks later it meant different things to different justices. As many as four of them disagreed when it was used to justify some of the thirteen dismissals, and three others complained when it was not used to set aside one of the three unreversed convictions. Only Fortas and White were with the majority throughout. The libertarians are hoping that their shift will be permanent.

Justice Brennan has come to be thought of as the Court's spokesman in an attempt to find a Constitutional way to suppress obscenity. Aligned with him have usually been Warren, Tom C. Clark, often John M. Harlan, and, until this year, Fortas and White. The defenders of the widest latitude have been Hugo L. Black, William O. Douglas, and usually Potter Stewart. Brennan, in a 1964 opinion, raised a point that the Court must face when it returns to its pornography chores next term and that could provide a basis for a more lasting judicial settlement.

Brennan suggested that the states concentrate on regulating the purveying of salacious materials to minors, as distinct from the general public, and several states have done so, provoking challenges that will soon be argued before the Court. Heretofore, the Court's rulings have dealt with obscenity as a problem of society as a whole, while much of the pressure for regulation has been directed at preventing it from reaching children. The new cases may determine whether some Constitutional validity can be found for making the distinction. The first ones involve some girlie magazines and a Brigitte Bardot movie.

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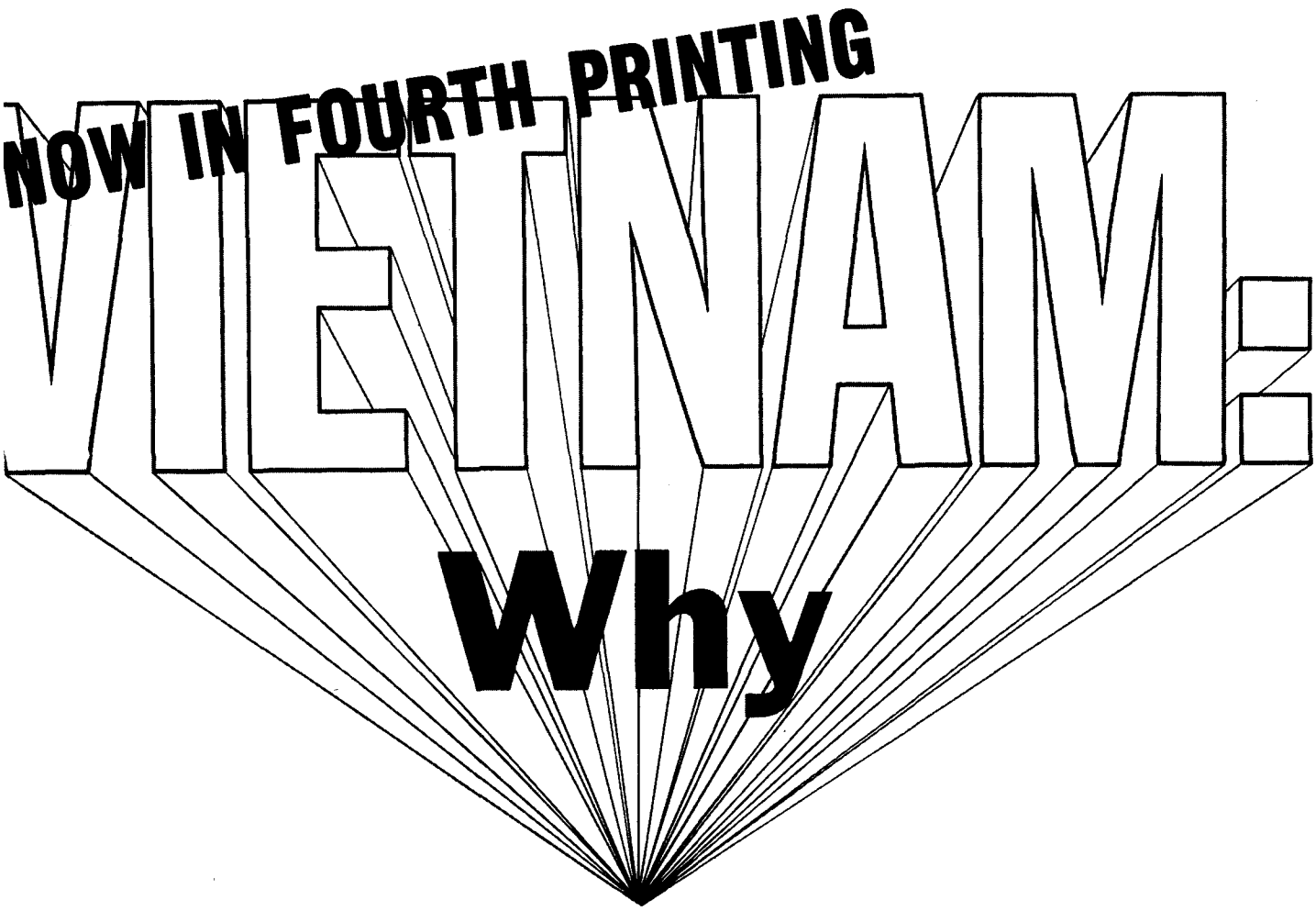

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MAX ASCOLI

The Unfinished War

It came and went so fast that, after a few weeks, the second battle of Israel seems to have acquired the unreal quality of a biblical legend. Yahweh's wrath smote the enemies of His people and in six days the carnage was over.

The Old Testament has become a much consulted reference book of late because of the land where open warfare quickly erupted and quickly subsided. But its sacredness aside, it is of a rather remote use for the task at hand: to see the precedents that the second battle and the second victory of Israel have established. There has been no peace between the first and the second. The conditions for peace are utterly non-existent now unless the West realizes that the target of attack in past battles and those to come is the West itself. This means, first of all, the United States.

General Dayan said it most forcefully: Israel did not need and did not want British or American soldiers fighting for its salvation. Israel could take care of itself, and its military hero was certainly too proud to add that Israel, a western nation, was fighting for all the West. Alone among nations, big or small, it could inflict a defeat on its enemies, but not suffer one. This was an additional reason for General Dayan not to wish allied soldiers exposed to the same dangers as the Israelis.

President Johnson lost many hours of sleep over the Middle-Eastern crisis. We cannot say that on this occasion he showed himself at his best. Had he sent a few American warships or planes to the Gulf of Aqaba when the Egyptians declared their blockade, had he avoided wasting the nation's dignity and the Israelis' time while begging for the participation of a few allied ships in a U.S. convoy, he would have lived up better to the firmness he has demonstrated since assuming our nation's leadership in the conduct of foreign affairs. But there is little use in discussing what the President might have done or said. The task for our country and the President is to use our influence and power to bring about the mutation from a precarious military cease-fire to diplomacy to co-operation among the parties that, for too long, have been in a state of relentless hostility.

The first step to reach something like peace in the Middle East is to sponsor and support, with all the means of formal and quiet diplomacy, direct negotiations between Israel and its Arab neighbors. The Israelis are our friends, but why shouldn't our friendship be re-established with the Arab states that, until recently, used to be fairly close to us? The coin of friendship is not the dollar but understanding and charity. We are scarcely at ease with ourselves when we read about the masses of Arabs being slaughtered because of the military ineptitude of their leaders, or debauched by nationalism while nationhood and freedom are still bewildering, stultifying appurtenances.

The Israelis, in between battles with the Arabs, have succeeded in simplifying their western technology to a level where it can be beneficially used by people of simpler civilization. They can never be accused of being colonialists, although they have their mundane, commercial motives that everybody understands, for they need customers and friends. Some of their best potential customers are near their borders, among the peoples generously provided by the Soviet Union with technologically sophisticated means of warfare that they have not yet, even on the second try, learned to master.

It is chimerical to think of regional institutions linking Israel and Arab countries that have still so far to go before reaching real nationhood. But the establishment of a mutuality of interests between this most uncolonialistic civilizing nation and some of its neighbors should well be within the realm of the possible—particularly if tactfully backed by our government.

If we want something approaching peace in the Middle East, the State of Israel must have adequate boundaries to guarantee its security. It could not possibly maintain, neither does it desire, all the terrain it has conquered. But neither can it live in a condition of such peril as to make it necessary to carry too heavy a burden of armaments. Another thing is equally certain: the organization least suited to assist Arabs and Israelis in redrawing national boundaries and limiting armaments is the U.N.—most particularly the General Assembly.

Hasn't it been enough to watch and listen to the Arab representatives in the Security Council going berserk? For too long, successive American administrations have oscillated between an initial "Leave it to Dag" policy and one, more recently, of acting as a subcontractor of the U.N. If we want to salvage the U.N.'s political role as a low-key synchronizer among disparate governments, we must consider it as a marginal area of our foreign policy.

As to the great debate in the General Assembly, with Kosygin at the head of those who stand against us, the test is hard but rewarding, beyond any temptation to surrender to boredom or disgust: we are offered a close-up view of the men as they are and of their enmity to us.

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Report from Three Battlefronts

GEORGE BAILEY

TEL AVIV

AFTER an extraordinary victory, four air forces destroyed in less than a day, three armies crushed in less than a week, well over $2 billion worth of booty in arms, armor, and materiel taken on three fronts, territory three times the size of Israel conquered and occupied, the strategic approaches to the soil of Zion overrun and secured—after all this, there is no jubilation.

The older people, most of them immigrants, are proud of the achievement of the youth of Israel, but they are quiet, almost discreet about it: something has happened that is far too serious for jubilation. In my experience, the rejoicing came largely from visitors and foreign observers. Here in Tel Aviv, for example, only about twenty per cent of the people put out flags. At first this was interpreted as a sign of caution; but there were no more on Sunday after the Syrian cease-fire than there had been when the rest of the war ended on Wednesday. The single all-important exception to the general restraint was the capture and occupation of the Old City of Jerusalem. But this was not jubilation. It was rather a deep religious fervor, at times even a frenzy, an overpowering sense of homecoming: "We are back after one thousand years."

The determination of Jews—Israelis and foreign Jews alike—to visit the Wailing Wall produced a security problem as well as an uninterrupted succession of stark dramatic scenes. Some had brought their prayer books and would intone from them wandering back and forth along the wall, touching it, kissing it, pressing their tear-stained faces to it. The custom is to write prayers for loved ones on chits of paper and push them into the crannies between the stones. Ben Gurion was the first Israeli political leader to visit the wall after the Old City fell. The old man himself, with the help of two soldiers who boosted him up and held him aloft, took hammer and chisel to chip off the Arabic and English identifying inscriptions on a high, smooth-faced stone on the left side of the wall. While I was there, an army chaplain with a squad of Israeli infantry, all powerful men burnt almost black by the sun, took up positions along the wall and prayed in formation as it were, the chaplain intoning and the squad giving the responses.

The Israelis took pride in their feat of taking the Old City with a minimum of destruction to the buildings and especially the holy places. The only religious monument to be hard hit was the Church of the Dormition on the Israeli side, whose roof was destroyed by Jordanian artillery fire. The Israelis deliberately paid in blood to protect the holy places of all creeds. After they had surrounded the Old City they sent in commandos with long knives and submachine guns

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to put down resistance in close combat rather than risk the effects of artillery and mortar fire on the buildings.

JERUSALEM provides the essential contrast: the Jordanian side of the Mandelbaum Gate is a different world. The filth and stench of the bazaar that fronts the gate is complemented by the squalor of the Arab slum-dwellers. The shops are full of incredibly trashy trinkets—the sort of thing one might buy a small child at a country fair for a lark. In the course of a fifteen-minute inspection of the bazaar I saw three young men with both hands amputated—possibly done when they were children to qualify them for a career of begging. A small crowd of children tagged along, begging and kissing the hands and forearms of the foreigners, as they do with tourists.

We entered the Old City the day after it had fallen to the Israelis. With our group of journalists were the parents of Moshe Dayan (the elder Dayan is a member of Israel's parliament, the Knesset). Some of the journalists expressed surprise at the effusive friendliness of most of the Arabs. "They are always like that," said Mrs. Dayan. "They behaved in exactly the same way after the trouble [Arab riots in Palestine] in 1929." We were obliged to retrace our steps returning as we had come through the Via Dolorosa because of a small riot that ensued when the Arabs began fighting amongst themselves over the flour ration handed out by the Israeli Army. Some walked off carrying sacks of flour on their heads, some importuned wildly, others simply sat hunched dejectedly on the sidewalks and low walls.

Desert Lightning

The Sinai front, beginning at Gaza and proceeding along the coastal road to El Arish, south to Bir Lahfan, Bir Hasana, and southwest through the Mitla Pass is littered with abandoned Soviet tanks, guns, and vehicles, about half of them, in my estimate, undamaged. The Egyptian soldiers did not fare so well. The carnage on the coast road was tremendous: I saw about a thousand dusty Egyptian dead on either side, many of them in the antic postures of instantaneous death. There were crowds of corpses in the tall date-palm groves that border the sea at El Arish, a place of surpassing beauty whose white sand dunes so delighted T. E. Lawrence. Most of the dead were barefoot, their shoes and boots scattered along the road. In a slit trench in Gaza, a dead Egyptian noncom leaned on his rifle; next to him were twelve pairs of shoes—all that remained of his squad.

The general estimate of the worth of all the equipment destroyed or

captured in the Sinai Peninsula is $2 billion. The odd thing about the Egyptian dispositions in the eastern part of the peninsula bordering Israel is that most of their tanks and about half their trucks were dug in. The tanks were used as pillboxes, a use that deprives them of their designed function—mobility. The trucks were dug in apparently to provide camouflage. "The Egyptian forces," wrote Dayan in his diary of the 1956 campaign, "fought well during the static phase of their combat. So long as they were required to use their weapons which had been dug into fixed positions in advance—antitank, field, and antiaircraft guns—they did so automatically, accurately, and efficiently. But this was not the case when they had to leave their entrenched posts or make changes in their plans. They carried out almost no counterattacks. . . ."

In his press conference on June 7 Dayan was at pains to make the point that the Egyptian Army and the other enemy forces "fought far better than they did in 1956." But the Syrians, who are reputed to be the best fighters among the Arabs, crawled out of their positions up and down the line and ran, all at about the same time. The Israelis secured their twenty-five-mile strip of border land the same day. The Syrians failed to destroy the one bridge in the area over the Jordan River, the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob, on their side of the border. They made one attempt to get down to the bridge from their first line of defense in a truck to lay explosive charges and were forced back by intensive fire. But either it never occurred to them to destroy the bridge with their own artillery or they were unable or unwilling to man their own guns properly to do the job. In any case the bridge remained intact, and Israeli tanks and infantry in half-tracks went over it on the afternoon of the first day of the engagement.

MOST of the countryside on the Syrian escarpment commanding the Jordan was burnt black and still burning as far as the eye could see two or three hours after the troops moved through. Watching the bombardment at a distance of about a thousand yards, some of the journalists thought they saw napalm exploding and spreading on the Syrian side (all mention of napalm was cut by the Israeli censor). But it is difficult to observe accurately when a full-scale battle is in progress. I thought that explosions on the Israeli side, at about a thousand yards from where I stood, were caused by a Syrian fighter-bomber which I clearly saw through field glasses as it pulled up and circled for another run. The explosions turned out to be shell fire from Syrian artillery. The "fighter-bomber" was a stork.

Twenty miles or so farther north

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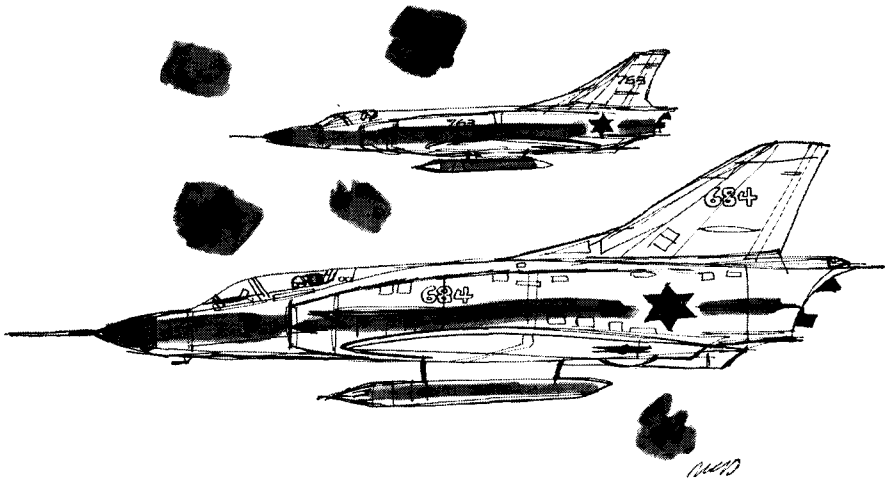
in the Shamir region, the Syrians had periodically laid down artillery barrages on the three kibbutzim in the area. Just over the border on the Syrian side was the United Nations Emergency Force observation hut. "For the past several years," explained an Israeli major, "every time the Syrians began shelling our kibbutzim, two UNEF officers would drive two hundred yards up the valley to the main road in their white jeep and then drive back. But the shelling didn't stop. Then the observers would file a report to the UNEF commander. But the shelling didn't stop."

Syria was the one front on which the Israelis hesitated. The Israeli Northern Area Command was massed and in position to enter Syria on the morning of Thursday, June 8. The attack was apparently set for noon. At the last minute, the Chief of Staff of the Israeli Army, Major General Itzhak Rabin, flew to the front by helicopter and called off the attack. The decision to move into Syria was reconsidered and postponed until the next morning. During the next two days it became clear why. The Israelis had detected the presence of Soviet officers in the Syrian Army when they heard the fire-control officer giving instructions on the radio for the shelling of the kibbutzim in Russian. When the Israelis moved into Syria, instructions in Russian to the Syrian gun positions were clearly audible on the radio. And when they captured El Tawfik, Israeli military sources reported that they found five Soviet artillery officers among the prisoners: a major, a captain, and three lieutenants, plus a woman interpreter. The report was officially denied two days later, but many here believe it. When Israel finally decided to seize a twenty-five-mile-wide protective strip of Syrian territory, therefore, it knew that it was apt to get into more serious trouble with the Soviet Union.



After UNEF

Israeli difficulties with UNEF and United Nations headquarters, like the role of the United Nations organization itself in the Middle East, have been of crucial importance. South of Gaza, I came upon a truck full of Egyptian prisoners—all civilians suspected of being *fedayeen* (irregulars) because they were carrying concealed weapons. They were seated in the back of the truck, bound hand and foot and blindfolded with very clean light blue silk scarfs. "Aren't those UNEF scarfs?" I asked an Israeli lieutenant. "Yes," he replied, "You might call it symbolic: they are blindfolded now just as they have been blinded in the past." Between Gaza and El Arish I counted eleven white U.N. vehicles. Seven of them were two-and-a-half-ton trucks, shot up, smashed, and abandoned along the road. In answer to the charge that they had killed nine Indian soldiers (most of the Indian UNEF contingent was made up of Sikhs who wore light blue turbans instead of the UNEF helmet), an Israeli soldier said that in some places the Indians had been so mixed in with the Egyptians that it had been impossible to spare them.

On the El Arish airfield the largest hangar was marked with huge letters on the roof identifying it as UNEF. Inside the hangar were the charred remains of an Ilyushin-18 transport-passenger plane and two small scout planes, all with Egyptian Air Force insignia. They had apparently been destroyed by rocket and machine gun fire through the open hangar door, since the UNEF roof had remained unscathed. On the airfield itself were the half-burnt, half-melted hulks of several MIG-17s with Egyptian Air Force markings, but printed instructions on the wings and tail in Polish and English. The English was curious: "Take into care the propelling nazzle [sic] cover when disjoining the fuselage." These Russian planes had apparently been assembled and partially equipped in Poland. The cameras in the nose of the jets were Polish. Everything else I saw with Egyptian markings was Soviet: tanks, guns, and vehicles. The two-and-a-half-ton trucks were Gorkovskiy Zavod; the staff and command cars were the Gaz-69M and the Gaz-69 AM, described in the operation manuals (with Russian on one side of the page and English on the other) as "cross-country automobiles."

On Sunday, June 11, Indian, Brazilian, Swedish, and Yugoslav contingents of UNEF left the Gaza Strip and embarked at the Israeli port of Ashkelon. The Yugoslavs had scrawled the letters "Yugo" in black paint across the white hoods of the UNEF trucks, perhaps as a safety measure while among the Arabs.

THE WAIST of Israel from Kalkiliah in Jordan to the sea is less than nine miles wide. The state of Israel —its state of mind, its state of readiness, its state of constant concern—springs from its geography. Tel Aviv was shelled from artillery emplacements in Kalkiliah. (The emplacements were overrun three hours later.) Israel's insecurity is so closely linked with its geographical configuration that, for political purposes, the two are virtually identical. Any troop displacement in the surrounding area is necessarily evaluated in terms of an imminent military threat. Israel has its brilliant victory, but one thing is clear: it can have no security without changes in its prewar boundaries.

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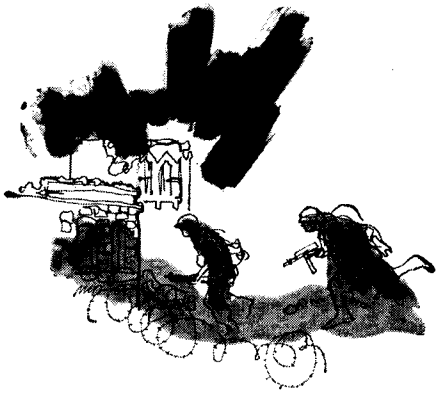

A Matter of Survival

CLAIRE STERLING

TEL AVIV

EVEN in Israel's darkest moment—when it was encircled by the combined Egyptian, Syrian, and Jordanian armies with vast quantities of magnificent Soviet equipment—I did not come across a single Israeli who thought for a moment that his army could be defeated. What worried them was the possibility that the army might be held back too long by a government more prone than David Ben Gurion's had been to rely on its American allies and western diplomacy. It is worth noting that Ben Gurion himself did not move alone or as swiftly as he appeared to in 1956. He took ten months to plan the campaign before marching into Sinai, and in the belief that the Soviet Union would come to Nasser's rescue if need be, he would not have marched at all without the participation of Britain and France. Nevertheless, there were subtle psychological differences between Ben Gurion's and Premier Levi Eshkol's governments, and Israelis sensed that.

Anyone who was in Israel for the 1965 elections, as I was, would have thought at once of those differences in this emergency. There was an ideological factor behind the epic quarrel between Ben Gurion and Eshkol that split the Mapai Party at the time. Old guardists like Eshkol and Golda Meir, then foreign minister, were orthodox socialists; Ben Gurion, and more particularly the younger men around him like Moshe Dayan and Shimon Peres, were political agnostics who, neither fully accepting nor disowning socialist doctrine, were liable to make decisions first and look around for ideological justification later. Yet even this distinction reflected the personalities of the opposing groups—the one conventional, inflexible, tending to feel that old ways are best; the other more vigorous and adaptable to changing conditions at home and abroad. Intuitively, because there were no hard facts to go by, a number of Israelis felt that Levi Eshkol would be all right in peacetime, but Moshe Dayan would be better in times of peril.

The Dark Days

Actually things had not gone too well even in peacetime. After seventeen years of extraordinary but abnormal growth financed by massive German reparations and contributions from the Jews in the Diaspora, the economy had begun to show signs of strain. Inflation, a yawning trade deficit, and a decline in artificial income from abroad had obliged Eshkol to impose austerity on a population whose living standards were abreast of the highest in Europe. Unemployment had set in where there had been none since the state was born, reaching the point last spring where one out of ten workers was out of a job. Strikes spread to include fifteen per cent of the labor force. Irritable and impatient, the Israelis were showing few signs of the high sense of adventure and sacrifice that had characterized their earlier years. Rightly or wrongly, they tended to blame their troubles on an unimaginative government. When the perilous times came, therefore, they inevitably brought a political storm.

It was taken for granted that the army was prepared for anything as always, under commanding officers as competent as ever, but the government's apparent irresolution grew ever more disquieting. Each day Nasser was getting stronger militarily and diplomatically while Israel's western friends were lapsing more and more into the circumlocutious oratory that is so often a prelude to surrender. The atmosphere in the U.N. had become grotesque. "We were not exactly shunned in the U.N. corridors," an Israeli delegate told me later, "we just got pitying smiles wherever we went."

OF ALL the nations that had protested their friendship for Israel over the years, the only one to offer "every economic, diplomatic and military assistance" within its means was the Netherlands. It is hard to convey the feeling of loneliness during those last days before the outbreak of war in a country very nearly cut off from the world by a ring of steel. Outwardly serene, people here went about their business as usual. Taxis were plentiful, busses ran, mail was delivered, restaurants were full, swimming pools were crowded with young men and women snatching a few hours' leave from their military stations. Calm as they seemed, however, the Israelis realized that what hung in the balance was not merely another and perhaps bloodier round with the Arabs, but their country's survival or extinction.

They no longer expected help. "We have no assurances whatever that the United States and Britain will open the straits for us," said the Tel Aviv daily *Ha'Aretz*. "That is no reason for self-pity. It is only right that we should take as great a risk to save our country as Nasser has taken to destroy it." While no one spoke openly of his personal fears, everyone understood that hundreds or thousands more might die for every extra day the army waited.

During this period of waiting, a

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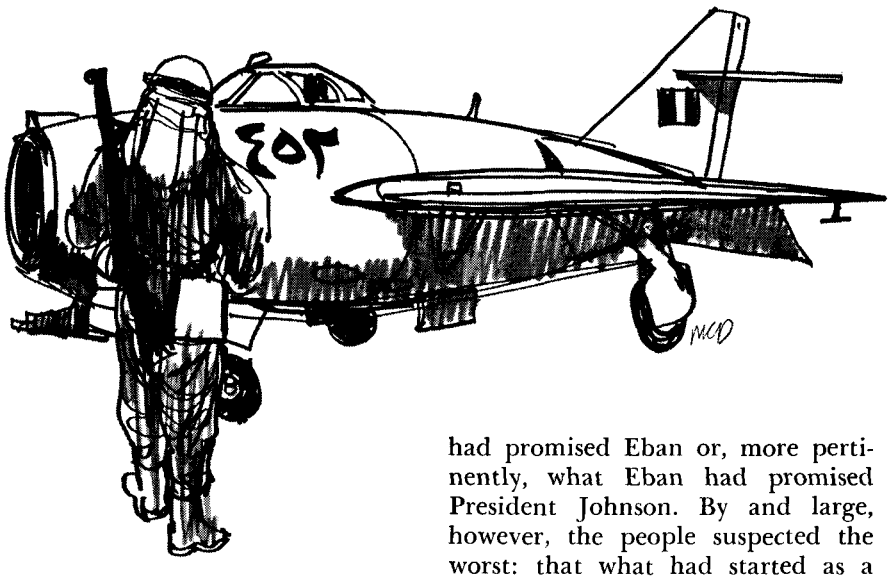

military spokesman put the feeling clearly to me: "Had we moved immediately, we would have had to face perhaps a third of Nasser's army in the Sinai. Today, Nasser has more than a hundred thousand troops, at least five hundred tanks, and most of his air force concentrated there. Twelve thousand troops of the Palestine Liberation Army are in the Gaza Strip. The Syrians are fully mobilized, the Iraqis are sending troops and planes to Jordan. The Algerians are sending theirs to Egypt, and Hussein, who held out as long as he could against Nasser, has accepted Egyptian command of his forces, opening a 531-kilometer Jordanian front—the entire length of our country. We've always been prepared for a possible war on all three fronts, but the cost in human lives could be tragic. Nevertheless, this is a democratic army. If our government has decided to wait, we bow to its decision."

Enter Dayan

But the people did not bow to it. By May 25 when Foreign Minister Abba Eban flew to Washington to see President Johnson, Eshkol was under overwhelming pressure to take Dayan into the government and give him decisive powers. By May 27 when Eban returned, the pressure had reached such a mutinous level that had Dayan been anything but the democrat he is, he might well have seized power on his own. Apart from the inner cabinet, nobody here really knew what President Johnson had promised Eban or, more pertinently, what Eban had promised President Johnson. By and large, however, the people suspected the worst: that what had started as a U.S. commitment to Israel had become an Israeli commitment to America, and that by accepting American demands for restraint Israel had been left to the mercy of one superpower sorely tempted to compromise with another at its expense. Or, as Dayan's close associate Peres told me the morning before the war began: "Where America is supposed to be saving Israel, Israel will end by saving America."

All the torturing doubts were swept away on the night of June 2 when Dayan became Minister of Defense. If it was no longer the man but the symbol that counted—for the war would surely have gone as it did without him—this appointment was enough to reassure the Israelis that everything was going to be all right.

Nasser also must have grasped the symbolic meaning of that appointment, but by then it was too late. He had taken a calculated risk when he blockaded the Strait of Tiran, basing his calculations at least partly on the kind of government he assumed Israel had. With no lightning response from Tel Aviv, he evidently concluded that his estimate had been correct. For the first time since their state came into being in 1948, the Israelis appeared to be running scared.

This was the one eventuality that might lead a careful strategist like Nasser to lose his head. In the middle of May Nasser was still talking about wiping out Israel "in another five or ten years." On May 22 he was thinking of a "return to the situation before 1956," meaning cancellation of Israel's free-passage rights through the Strait of Tiran. By May 29 he was self-confident enough to say: "If we have succeeded in returning the situation to what it was before 1956, there is no doubt that God will help us to return the situation to what it was before 1948." "The world," he added, "is very much different from what it was ten days ago. Israel as well is different from what it was ten days ago. Lately we have felt that in entering into a campaign with Israel we will be able with the help of God to be victorious."

How could he have known how wrong he was when so many nations were betting on him? Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, the Sudan, Yemen, Mali, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Jordan, Iraq, Lebanon, Pakistan, India. And behind them all towered the Soviet Union, which, while indicating that Nasser would have to go it alone if the Israelis did attack, had been rushing him huge shipments of additional heavy armament.

War then was inescapable. As the second week of crisis drew to a close, the question of who might move first was academic. Though the time, place, and circumstances had been chosen by the enemy—the worst possible way for a nation to go to war—Israel's decision to fight was sealed with Dayan's entrance into the cabinet. Nasser had to fight because the three conditions that he had always sworn would mean the extermination of Israel were now at hand: a favorable international climate, an army that he considered a reasonable match for Israel's, and an Arab world united as never before. Had he held back at that moment of supreme exaltation, he would have been finished forever.

One may marvel that he is not finished yet. But he did fight, if none too successfully, and his talent for extracting political victory from military defeat has become legendary since the last time he fought, eleven years ago. If his continuing presence in Cairo is regretted here in Tel Aviv, it is in a way a living monument. No one could have done as much for the Israeli cause.

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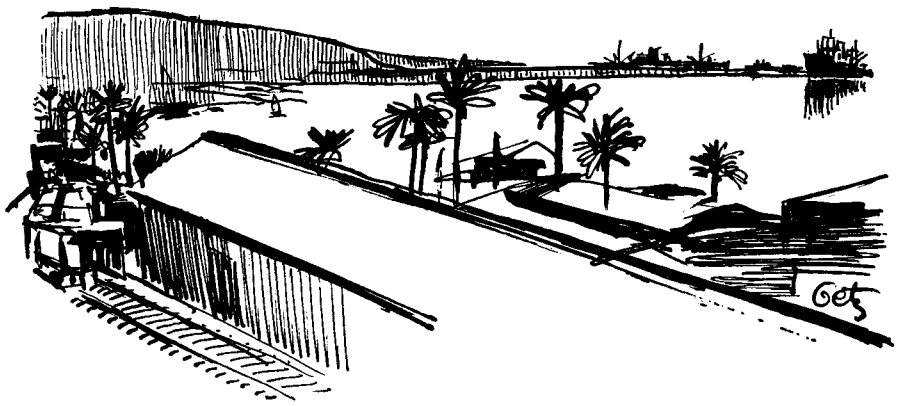

The Hand of Russia

WALTER LAQUEUR

LONDON

To what extent is the Middle-Eastern crisis the product of Soviet initiative? There is in the analysis of current affairs a strong tendency to attribute to deliberate design much that is the result of accident, a temptation that ought to be resisted. But there is also a considerable body of evidence suggesting that the Soviet Union played a certain part both in the preparation of the script and in its orchestration.

During the last decade, the Soviet military and economic investment in the Middle East, particularly in Egypt and Syria, has been heavy. By the end of 1966, arms deliveries to Egypt were estimated at between $1.5 and $2 billion—including virtually the whole Egyptian Air Force, more than a thousand tanks, much of its navy, ten thousand trucks, and other equipment. Supplies to Syria, too, were stepped up over the last year, after a new régime had come to power which in most respects was more friendly to Moscow than Nasser's. Such military investment inevitably assumed over the years a political and moral character: the Soviet Union, and in varying degree the other East European countries, gave increasing support to Arab political campaigns.

In recent months the Soviet Union and Egypt faced—for different reasons—growing pressure to initiate a more aggressive policy. The Soviet Union, powerless to intervene decisively in the Vietnam conflict, faced mounting Chinese charges of "revisionism" and "betrayal" which rankled and harmed Soviet prestige in the world Communist movement. Nasser, on the other hand, had to cope with growing problems in the economic field and setbacks in the protracted Yemen war. He, too, was irritated by the constant accusations made by his "reactionary" rivals in the Arab world, such as King Hussein of Jordan, that only a coward would have refrained from military intervention against Israel at the time of the retaliatory action against Jordan last November, or against Syria in April.

In short, Nasser was under considerable pressure to strengthen his position as the leader of Arab nationalism. The world situation seemed propitious: with the United States deeply involved in Vietnam and torn by internal strife, and with Western Europe no longer an active factor in world power politics, there appeared to be no great danger of outside intervention in a local conflict in the Middle East. The prospects seemed good for winning a major political victory without firing a single shot.

There were some straws in the wind indicating a Soviet-Arab initiative in the Middle East. At the meeting of the leaders of Communist Parties at Karlovy Vary in Czechoslovakia earlier this year, the demand for the removal of the Sixth Fleet featured prominently. This was not exactly a new slogan, but the circumstance surprised political observers: a meeting of this sort in Central Europe was far more likely to adopt resolutions about the danger of "German revanchism."

There were other surprises. On March 29, without prior announcement and without any publicity, Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko visited Cairo. He may have discussed with Nasser Soviet wheat deliveries to replace U.S. supplies, but for this purpose alone the presence of the Soviet foreign minister was hardly needed. Soon after this visit the anti-western note in Nasser's speeches and in the output of the Egyptian and Syrian propaganda machine became even more strident: America had been the "sworn enemy of the Arab world" all along; it now became the spearhead of world reaction. And at the same time the impending liberation of the Palestinian Arab homeland by means of a people's war was announced over the Syrian press and radio.

Seeding the War Clouds

We have from Egyptian and Syrian sources several versions of what happened next. They conflict in detail, but all claim that Nasser had to act when he did because Israel was going to attack Syria at four o'clock on May 17. According to one report, this news had been transmitted to Cairo in greatest secrecy by two Syrian intelligence officers who had received it from their Lebanese colleagues; Nasser took a quick decision and gave orders to Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer to move his troops to eastern Sinai and to the Israeli border. According to another version, the news about the impending Israeli attack reached Nasser on May 13; it emanated from General Hafez Assad, the Syrian defense minister. These reports were simultaneously given wide publicity in the Soviet press; it is not impossible that they originated in fact in Moscow. Premier Levi Eshkol of Israel immediately asked U.N. observers to check these rumors. They did so and reported that they had seen no unusual troop concentrations in northern Israel.

There is good reason to assume that both Moscow and Cairo knew that no major Israeli offensive against Syria was planned. Some of the pieces of the riddle would then fall into place: the canard about the mobili-

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zation of the Israeli Army and the impending invasion of Syria was needed to justify Egypt's troop movements, the expulsion of the U.N. observers, and ultimately the blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba.

Some quarters believe that there was no big plot and that the weaker partner in the alliance simply misled the stronger—just as Serbia pulled Russia into the First World War. The Syrian government was fearful after the defeat it suffered on April 7 and may really have believed in an impending invasion and in turn convinced Nasser that it was in urgent need of help, whereupon Nasser threw caution to the winds and confronted Moscow with a *fait accompli*. This may be a correct explanation, but it does not appear likely in the light of recent Middle-Eastern history. Throughout his political career Nasser has been a cautious gambler; he has never been provoked into rash action. He has always stressed that the destruction of Israel would come when the Arab states had a decisive military superiority, and that was not yet. Would he really have moved unless he was led to believe that he would get Soviet assistance? The preparation of his coup suggests that this was probably not a sudden, impulsive action—troop movements from Cairo to the Israeli border cannot be accomplished in forty-eight or seventy-two hours without preparations.

The decision to impose the blockade seems to have been taken well before the news about the planned Israeli attack on Syria reached him—if indeed there ever was such a report. It also seems extremely likely that Nasser had approached Yugoslavia and India about the withdrawal of the United Nations observers even before he got in touch with U Thant. All this makes the official Egyptian prehistory of the war exceedingly suspect.

THE subsequent events are well known and need not be related in detail. In the beginning all went smoothly. A great political victory was won without any resistance: Israel was taken unawares, and failed to react as it had always threatened to do. British liberal newspapers like the *Guardian* put much of the blame on Israel, the *Economist* published a funeral oration for the Jewish state and compared Nasser with Bismarck. Others expressed the hope that Kosygin would now step in; Russia could not welcome a conflagration in the Middle East. After all, the Cold War was over, even if some of the Pentagon hawks had not realized it. De Gaulle came out with a proposal for a four-power conference; George Brown tried to solicit Russian good will in Moscow. But Kosygin and his colleagues turned them down flat. *Pravda* and *Izvestia* wrote about the justified actions of the progressive Arab states against imperialism and its lackey, Israel. They did not fail to stress that Soviet prestige had soared immensely throughout the Middle East following Moscow's support for the just cause of the Arabs. Its restraining influence on Damascus and Cairo, on which such high hopes had been set in the western capitals, failed to materialize.

Soviet leaders seemed not to be averse to a little conflict in the Middle East that was bound to enhance Soviet prestige in that part of the world. The chances of an armed clash must have appeared very remote indeed. Israel would hardly dare to resist such overwhelming superiority; if it did, its foolish action could only bring defeat. Up to June 5 it was, from the Soviet point of view, a textbook case of gaining maximum benefits on the basis of minimum risks.

Even after Israel decided to take action, the benefits continued a while. The United States, after some initial support for Israeli rights in the Strait of Tiran, retreated into a position of neutrality in "thought, word, and deed," as if the State Department wanted to prove that de Gaulle had been right all along when he suggested that in a real crisis the United States could not be trusted. This alone was a tremendous Soviet gain: American credibility had been decisively undermined. De Gaulle, Fanfani, and Kiesinger announced strict neutrality; public opinion in Asia and Africa, not to mention the Arab world, rallied around Nasser.

Picking Up the Pieces

Then came the collapse of the Arab armies in less than sixty hours, and Moscow was forced to reappraise its Mideast policy. The swiftness of the defeat took Soviet leaders by surprise. Like the West, they had clearly overrated Arab military capability. Obviously, Moscow could not abandon its protégés to their fate; the Soviet position in the Middle East acquired through years of patient work would have collapsed, too. Yet what to reply to the desperate appeals for help by Nasser and the Syrians? Instructions were given to Ambassador N. T. Fedorenko at the U.N. to press for a condemnation of Israel coupled with a demand for an immediate cease-fire. When the Arabs' military situation deteriorated even further, Fedorenko retreated and concentrated on an immediate armistice. At the same time Israel was told that diplomatic relations would be broken off and other unspecified measures taken if it refused to obey.

But Russia's freedom of maneuver was by now limited: its policy toward Israel had been unfriendly for years, and Israel did not have that much to lose from a rupture of diplomatic relations. Direct Soviet military intervention appeared unlikely, though indirect intervention was a possibility that could not be ruled out. But would the dispatch of some units of Kazakh or Uzbek "volunteers" really have any effect at this late hour? Could it be taken for granted that the United States would fail to react to such a form of "non-intervention?" In the circumstances, the Soviet leaders clearly thought it best to work with America for armistice, advising Nasser and the Syrian leaders that it was in their own best interest to make a quick end to a war that had gone so badly.

It was a foregone conclusion that

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after the armistice tremendous pressure would be put on Israel to give up all the advantages it had gained in the short campaign. If the Soviet Union appeared as the main champion of the Arabs in this political campaign it was bound to regain much of the good will that was lost. True, similar pressure would doubtless be put on Israel by the United States, Britain, and France, but unimpaired by the weight of public opinion, the Soviet Union could easily outdo the western powers in this game.

THE MIDDLE EAST crisis caused much heart-searching in the Soviet Union. The misfortunes of their protégés adversely affected Soviet prestige; it was not merely the question of the billions of dollars that had gone down the drain. If U.S. crisis management had failed, Soviet credibility, too, had taken a hard knock. Had Moscow not declared on May 23 that anyone trying to unleash aggression would be met not only by the united strength of the Arab nations but also the strong opposition of the Soviet Union?

But the Soviet Union is not the main loser among the great powers. Moscow, after all, has no vital interest in President Nasser, only in its own position in the Middle East. If Nasser were replaced by another national revolutionary colonel, or if King Hussein were overthrown, the Soviet Union was not bound to suffer. The prospects of building up in the Arab world a series of effective client states had not been very promising anyway.

After the present defeat, it is virtually certain that the Arab world will be shaken by further political convulsions for years to come. This prospect could be faced with some equanimity by the Soviet leaders; there were in this situation all the ingredients for the maintenance of Soviet, and perhaps also Communist, influence in the area, provided, of course, that Moscow would not let itself be outflanked by Peking.

Soviet policy toward the Arab world has been dictated for a long time mainly by big-power interests, not by such notions as "proletarian internationalism." It came therefore as no great surprise that the Communist camp, in its present state of ideological and political disarray, reacted by no means uniformly to the crisis. The Soviet lead was followed unquestioningly by the Bulgarians (traditionally Russia's most faithful allies), the Czechs (who have considerable economic interests in Egypt), and the East Germans, who hope for full diplomatic recognition by the Arab world.

As far as sheer mendacity is concerned, East German propaganda ("The Israeli army is led by West German revanchist generals") was a close second to Nasser's radio and the Albanians (a "Soviet-American conspiracy against the Arab nations"). The Hungarians and the Poles were officially less outspoken in their condemnation of Israel; privately many of them, like the Czechs, expressed sympathy with Israel. Tito strongly supported his old friend Nasser, whereas the Romanians refused to take sides.

The situation in Western Europe was even more chaotic. Both the French and Italian Communists had come out in almost total support of Nasser, but were compelled subsequently under the pressure of public opinion (including some in their own ranks) to make a partial retreat. *Volksstimme*, the official Austrian Communist paper, declared that it wanted no part of the Arab "holy war." The Dutch Communists also emphasized that Israel's rights should be respected. *Morning Star*, the mouthpiece of the British Communists, tried to solve the dilemma in an original way: its editorial comment was pro-Nasser, many readers' letters pro-Israel, and the slant given to the news somewhere in the middle.

These contortions in the Communist camp will no doubt fascinate the historians of the 1967 crisis, yet what happens next in the Middle East depends above all on the Soviet Union. Last month, for the first time in many years, a collection of biblical stories was published in Moscow. Premier Kosygin and his colleagues could read with profit not only the account of David and Goliath, but also various prophetic comments on "that bruised reed Egypt."

Bruised or not, the Soviet leadership cannot afford to cut its losses in the Arab world. No doubt we shall witness in coming weeks a high-powered Soviet operation "Good Samaritan." Gromyko will direct political warfare and the Soviet general staff will have to replace some of the hardware that has been damaged or lost. And for Israel the real struggle is only beginning.

The Political War Intensifies

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

A LITTLE LESS than a fortnight before Moscow's incendiary encouragements to Arab irredentism had helped light the inevitable conflagration in the Middle East, former Premier Guy Mollet, the French Socialist leader who in recent months had been the enthusiastic advocate of a new Popular Front in France, conducted a disillusioned, semipublic self-criticism. He was reliably reported to have told several of his colleagues in the left-wing parliamentary opposition: "Perhaps we have based our relations with the Communists upon a set of false premises."

Like a number of European (and American) liberals and socialists who have been shocked by the Arab-Israel war into taking a hard second look at their assumptions about coexistence with the Communist world, Mollet appears since Israel's victory to have at least partially reconsidered his earlier reconsideration. Mollet is now quoted by *L'Express* as telling his colleagues: "Two factors have led me to believe in a durable rapprochement with the Communist Party: peaceful coexistence and the condemnation of the personality cult. In these two areas I don't see that things have changed."

Mollet's latest change of heart undoubtedly reflects not only the

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confusion stemming from the dizzy pace of events but also the chronic tendency of the non-Communist Left on both sides of the Atlantic to interpret any Soviet tactical retreat from adventurism as a permanent conversion to responsible diplomacy. Despite their latest relapse into the language of political cuckoldry, however, Mollet and other partisans of the Popular Front may be heading for yet another reconsideration based on what the Middle East crisis has revealed about the realities of peaceful coexistence as understood by Khrushchev's successors.

The Party Speaks

The French Communist Party, along with the less overt elements of Soviet political warfare in France, inadvertently helped to drive the lesson home by the heavy-handedness with which it tried to support the Kremlin's diplomatic arson in the Middle East. In fact, what provoked Mollet's first agonizing reappraisal was an editorial in the party's *L'Humanité* on May 24. Signed by a top staff writer, Yves Moreau, it explained the real background of the crisis. The non-Communist Leftists and no doubt some party members as well were shocked by Moreau's exercise in doublethink because of the anti-Semitic ring of several sentences. He accused two wealthy, politically prominent French Jews, Baron Edmond de Rothschild and the aircraft magnate Marcel Dassault, of inspiring the wave of alarm in France. While insisting that it was only hostile to "reactionary" or "ultra" Jews in Israel and "anti-Arab racists" abroad, *L'Humanité* continued throughout the crisis to employ the classic themes of disguised anti-Semitism. After the capture of Jerusalem, it attacked the "religious fanatics" who asserted Israel's claim to the city.

From the viewpoint of the French party—and probably even from that of the Soviet Union itself—the most effective way to win French public support for the Soviet position would have been to play up Moscow's proclaimed desire to ease tensions in the Middle East and to play down the attack on Israel. Any hint of anti-Semitism, however disguised or hypocritical, should have been shunned, even if it appealed to a sizable minority of workers, because it would instantly disrupt left-wing unity in France.

Instead, the French Communist leadership went out of its way to attack Israel virulently, thus further weakening the already shaky Popular Front. To students of Communist political-warfare techniques, the Communist press slogans here meant that Moscow had imposed on the French Communist leaders not only the broad themes but in some instances the basic texts for a propaganda campaign certain to lose the party public support in France and divide it from its natural political allies. For this campaign could only serve to discredit the party's laboriously fashioned new image as a democratic, respectable political

movement sympathetic to the Soviet Union but exclusively dedicated to French interests.

There is as yet no authoritative explanation for the Kremlin's seemingly self-defeating psychological strategy in France. It could be an oblique way of rewarding President de Gaulle for his neutralist position in the Middle East conflict by splitting his opposition at home. Or it could be part of a general effort to show the Arabs that Moscow is backing their cause all around the world. It could reflect mainly a general tightening of discipline throughout the international apparatus of Soviet-controlled Communism. The rank-and-file French Communists, scarcely less traumatized than their non-Communist allies in the Popular Front by the party's latest swing back toward Stalinism, seem completely in the dark. Once again Moscow seems to consider them expendable.

The increased ruthlessness and blatancy with which the Kremlin appears to be using its party henchmen and agents in France extends to its secret members and what used to be termed fellow-travelers, thus shattering another premise of the non-Communist Left in its relations with the party. The loyal, captive national apparatuses and sympathizers abroad controlled from the Kremlin were supposed to be part of the dead Stalinist past; now they are again thrown into glaring relief in the light of the Soviet line on the Middle East.

The result—until the euphoria produced by Israel's victory and Soviet acceptance of an unconditional cease-fire resolution in the Security Council checked the trend—has been the most spectacular realignment of European intellectuals and public figures since the Hungarian uprising. It is indeed instructive to run down the list of the protestors against genocide in Vietnam who publicly stood by the party when the issue was the threat of genocide in Israel. Some fellow-travelers, like Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, who have merely been the captives of their own muddle-headedness, added their signatures to a guardedly pro-Israel manifesto. And many liberals, who remembered not only the horrors of the Nazi death camps but also the ignominy of the Nazi collaborators, felt that at least they should refuse to give their blanket advance approval to any Arab aggression against the survivors of the death camps. So, for more sordid reasons, did the merely cowardly or opportunistic.

The fact that to stand up and be counted on the anti-Israel side had little attraction in France underscored the peculiar position of those who evidently did so out of fear that they would run some grave material risk by breaking their ties, visible or invisible, with the Communist Party. Thus, when an obscurely financed European left-wing weekly that for years has been a

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favorite outlet for the forgeries concocted by the KGB's "Disinformation Bureau" published over the signature of an obscure writer a venomously anti-Israel article ("for it was terrorism, not religion, that founded the state of Israel," etc.), there is little reason to doubt either the real source of the disinformation or the nature of the ties that bind the weekly's editor to this source.

The Echoing Drone

What is true for fellow-traveling publications applies as well to political groups, protest committees, and other organizations that until now have not defined themselves by allegiance to Moscow. Some militantly revolutionary or subversively pacifist splinter groups in Europe that have been willing to co-operate with the Communist Party—or more often with Peking or Castroite henchmen—in the anti-U.S. campaigns inspired by the war in Vietnam have split with the party over Israel.

The slavish way in which the Communist-controlled Confédération Générale du Travail (CGT) followed the party line on Israel was bitterly denounced by a non-Communist labor leader who had been working hard to extend the Popular Front to the unions. The CGT had proved itself once again a mere Communist "transmission belt," he wrote in the organ of the chemical workers union. "The charm is broken—it is our deep intimate confidence that has been shattered."

Though some leading members of the French National Committee for Vietnam supported Israel and though the committee has been involved in acrimonious controversy with the Moscow-line French Communists, whom it suspects of softness on the Vietnam issue, it published a statement after the cease-fire picking up several of the key themes of Soviet anti-U.S. propaganda. Typical was the charge that American imperialism was "historically responsible" for the war in the Middle East because it used reactionary forces in the area to set up "counterrevolutionary, racist régimes." The statement also condemned "the racist aspect" of the pro-Israel campaign in France.

The Tri-Continental Congress in Havana, which in recent weeks has been propagating the May Day call from Che Guevara—or his ghost—for bloody second, third, and fourth fronts all around the world to relieve the pressure on the "liberation" forces in Vietnam, also came out for the Arabs.

Here, in fact, we are faced with re-examining one of the most essential premises underlying the coexistence dogma. U.S. observers in Europe seem to have been particularly prone, perhaps because in bureaucratic terms it has been the Washington line, to insist that Communist polycentrism ruled out the likelihood of secret collusion between the rival parties in waging political warfare against the U.S. It was assumed that because the orthodox Communist parties in Latin America condemned the Castro-Guevara guerrilla mystique, Moscow could not exploit in any way

the activity of the heretic Venezuelan, Bolivian, or other Latin-American partisans.

In actual fact, European experts in Communist subversion recently returned from Latin America report that in many areas and at various levels Castroites, orthodox Kremlin Communists, Trotskyites, and even Maoist disciples coexist in front groups and co-operate in a number of subversive activities. Even if the Kremlin really disapproves of and fears all the Castroite adventurers and tries to protect its orthodox party structures from their infiltration, it is naïve to suppose that it would refrain from using them as strategic pawns in the power struggle with the West. Lenin allied himself with Social Revolutionaries and anarchists during one phase of the Russian revolution, and Stalin's agents fought in the same camp with anarchists and Trotskyites during the Spanish Civil War. What eventually happened to both these sets of Bolshevik allies is chilling from the viewpoint of their spiritual heirs today, but not particularly reassuring from ours. In the last two or three months a certain amount of evidence has accumulated suggesting that Moscow may in fact have close secret links with heterodox leftist groups which it officially condemns, and that it maintains elaborate and high-level clandestine networks for misleading both official and public opinion.

THE TROUBLE Moscow has been having with its Arab protégés since it had to accept a cease-fire ought to be enough to make even the most ruthless political-warfare operator wonder if the rewards of such troublemaking justify the risks. But on the contrary, evidence becomes more abundant every day of the stealth, ruse, and care with which the Soviets prepared their bid for dominance of the Middle East. For in contradiction to the naïve view of certain left-wing ideologues that the Soviets provoked the crisis primarily as a kind of second front to help their Vietnamese allies or to induce a global negotiation with the United States, General Antoine Bethouart, a French military expert writing in *Le Figaro*, has suggested that the essential Soviet aim was to gain indirect control of the area's oil supplies in order to practice later a kind of economic blackmail against Europe. "The maneuver is infinitely dangerous from the viewpoint of the whole West," Bethouart declared, "but whether through naïveté or by design, we have taken no notice of it."

Whether the Kremlin's grand strategy in the Middle East has suffered more than a tactical setback is by no means clear. In any event, it is feared by some observers here that the crisis, even though it did not turn out as the Soviets had hoped, has revalorized not only the role of political warfare in modern power conflicts but also the continued feasibility of war, provided it is carefully limited in time and scope, as a means for realizing national ambitions in the nuclear age.

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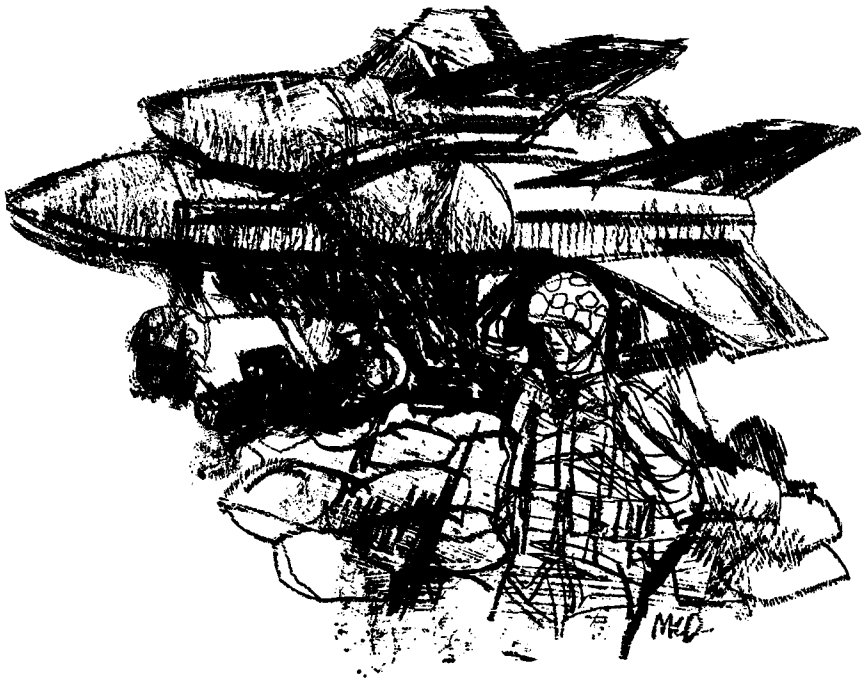

The Great Missile Debate

HANSON W. BALDWIN

THE behind-the-scenes tug of war about whether or not to develop the hydrogen bomb, which split the United States scientific community twenty years ago, has a smaller but no less bitter counterpart today.

The current question turns on the AICBM (Anti Intercontinental Ballistic Missile) in particular and on strategic missile development in general. It is an issue which has divided the United States scientific world, split Washington bureaucracy, and is daily engendering greater heat and more pressure. It has provoked high military figures into a sharp split with the administration, in which they have employed some extremely outspoken language in opposition to Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara's policies.

The reason, in a nutshell, was expressed recently by General Harold K. Johnson, Army Chief of Staff, in *testimony to a House committee* about a Soviet anti-ballistic missile system:

"The Soviets are deploying and they are improving their deployment with each passing day," he said. "So we are standing still, and they are marching. . . ."

For at least the past two years the Joint Chiefs of Staffs have unanimously—though futilely—recommended starting production of an AICBM system. Some or all of them have (variously) supported the development of a new long-range bomber, new and more land-based missiles and other weapons, and have opposed the phasing out of some of our arsenal of older weapons. Most of this opposition to Secretary McNamara's policies has been relatively quiet and discreet, but it is becoming persistent, strident, and open.

The reason is that the nation's top military leaders believe the once great U.S. advantage in strategic weapons is now threatened, not only by Soviet progress and Chinese developments, but by deliberate American inaction. One high-ranking officer said recently that in his opinion, based on present U.S. and Soviet programs, the Soviet Union would achieve approximate equality with the United States in total numbers of land-based ICBM's in the next two to three years, would have surpassed us by then in the total weight of its deliverable nuclear warheads, and would be clearly ahead in a missile defensive system.

The Gap Narrows

Civilian leaders in the Pentagon, led by McNamara, pooh-pooh these judgments. The cold statistics, however, give little cause for comfort, no matter how they are interpreted. During the time of the Cuban missile crisis, the Soviet Union may have had fifty to a hundred land-based ICBM's. Today it has by minimum estimates four hundred plus; by maximum estimates as many as six hundred to eight hundred. And apparently Soviet missiles are still being deployed at the rate of two hundred a year. Moscow has modernized and improved its bomber fleet—now totalling between 150 and two hundred heavy bombers, five hundred to nine hundred mediums. It is maintaining on its frontiers seven hundred to nine hundred intermediate- and medium-range ballistic missiles capable of reaching targets in Eurasia, North Africa, Alaska, and some parts of Canada. It is building an estimated four to six ballistic missile submarines annually and is about to commission a new class of submarine with eight launchers and a new long-range missile.

The Russians have deployed what all intelligence sources agree is an anti-ballistic-missile system around Moscow and to a lesser extent around Leningrad, and another system (the Tallinn system) around much of the rest of the country. The CIA and some civilian defense officials believe the Tallinn system is intended for defense against planes or air-breathing missiles; the military insist it is —like our projected Nike X—a two-missile system for defense against ballistic missiles, with one long-range missile to intercept outside the atmosphere, and a high-speed, short-range, back-up missile to intercept in the atmosphere.

Russian boosters admittedly are more powerful than our own, and

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Russian missile warheads considerably larger than our own. Furthermore in its final comprehensive and long-prepared series of nuclear tests before the atmospheric nuclear test-ban treaty went into effect in 1963, the Soviet Union learned far more about the effects of so-called exoatmospheric (out-of-atmosphere) nuclear explosions as a defensive weapon, than we had known—or may yet know.

In their 1961-62 test series, the Soviets conducted about a hundred tests in the atmosphere and an unknown number underground. One of these was the largest nuclear detonation yet recorded—a fifty-eight- to sixty-megaton explosion. In another test, two incoming missiles were destroyed by one gigantic blast. The United States, caught by surprise by the Soviet resumption of testing after an unofficial moratorium, responded—prior to the test ban treaty—with about twenty-eight atmospheric nuclear tests, none of them comparable in size to the Soviet multi-megaton blasts, and almost a hundred underground tests. The result was, as James H. McBride puts it in his new book, *The Test Ban Treaty* (Henry Regnery Co., Chicago) that "the Soviet Union made a quantum jump in nuclear technology while the United States lagged far behind."

THE challenge from Communist China is also reaching maturity. China has conducted five nuclear tests, may shortly detonate a hydrogen weapon, and is credited with the capability—despite internal schisms—of producing medium- and intermediate-range ballistic missiles within a year or so, and ICBM's by the 1970's.

Despite these challenges, the U.S. missile program has remained more or less static in numbers, with the goal of 1,054 land-based ICBM's, and 656 submarine-launched missiles almost reached.

Thus, regardless of differing intelligence figures and interpretations, there is no doubt that the Communist powers have made great gains relative to the United States in strategic weapons, nuclear delivery, and nuclear-defense capabilities in the past three to five years. Whether these gains were "inevitable," as some civilian leaders in the Pentagon claim, or "desirable" (in the interest of a supposed stabilizing parity), or whether they are the result of a deliberate slowdown on the part of U.S. technology, it is clear that the newest chapter of the great missile debate is coming to a head, and that the Johnson administration must soon decide whether or not the alledged détente with the Soviet Union has any real meaning.

Whose Side Is Time On?

The debate has many and varied pro-and-con arguments. Costs—and particularly the costs of the Vietnamese war—have tended to inhibit development and production of major new weapons systems. The White House is naturally reluctant to embark upon a great new spending program for AICBM's—at an estimated cost over a period of years of from $4 billion to $40 billion, depending on the system.

Quite apart from the Vietnam war, however, McNamara's cost-effectiveness program and bookkeeping methodology, with its emphasis upon justification of requirements, has slowed down weapons developments and has extended the development cycle, or lead time.

Too often there has been "far more emphasis" on "determining the cost [of a new weapons system] than on studying the military effectiveness," Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover told Congress recently. Admiral Rickover, whose unassailable political position enables him to voice opinions often held but not publicly uttered by other men in uniform, blasted the cost-effectiveness approach as an "ism," a "new religion," and a "fog bomb," and, in an apparent allusion to Secretary McNamara, said:

"Our society is threatened by any man who knows method but not meaning, technique but not principle—any man who tries to operate in a professional field in which he is unqualified, any man who depreciates wisdom, experience, and intuition."

Until recently, when hard evidence of Soviet progress has multiplied, differing intelligence analyses of current and future Soviet capabilities have confused the issue. Fear of technological obsolescence—that any AICBM system now installed might be "dated" before it was completed—has been used as a red herring, the system's proponents say, to block their proposals.

The arms-limitations discussions at Geneva aimed at a nonproliferation treaty, and the talks initiated by Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson in Moscow aimed at limiting the deployment of strategic missiles, have been further recent obstacles to the start of a United States AICBM system. While Thompson is attempting, on President Johnson's instructions, to persuade Premier Kosygin to initiate formal talks that might lead to missile limitations, the U.S. government is continuing development of a United States AICBM, but resisting deployment.

McNamara insists we have plenty of time to make a decision, that it is not imperative to give the go-ahead now, and that in any case he sees little use for such a system, since it would merely step up the arms race and add tremendously to defense costs without providing any "meaningful" gain in security for either side.

But the military, and many scientists, are far from persuaded. They insist that time is of the essence and they point out that while the Soviet Union stalls in the Moscow talks with Thompson—which admittedly have gotten nowhere—it is continuing its extensive missile deployments.

IN direct contradiction to McNamara, General Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, believes that Nike X—the projected United States AICBM system—might be able to save "thirty, forty, or fifty million American lives," which he said in behalf of his fellow chiefs is "meaningful . . . in every sense of the word."

General Wheeler testified to a Congressional committee that "failure to deploy (an AICBM system) . . . creates a strategic imbalance both within our forces and between the United States and the Soviet forces.

"Deterrence is a combination of forces in being, and state of mind.

"Should the Soviets come to believe that their ballistic missile defense, coupled with a nuclear attack on the United States, would limit damage to the Soviet Union to a

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level acceptable to them, whatever that level is, our force would no longer deter.

"The first principle of our security policy would be gone."

He added that deployment was essential in order to "maintain the total strategic nuclear capability or balance clearly in favor of the United States."

This military advocacy of a strategic balance "clearly in favor of the United States" is and has been for the past six years in direct conflict with a concept espoused by many influential scientists and endorsed by some high officials in Washington. Their concept might be described as a kind of unilateral limitation of armaments by the United States—a deliberate slowdown in the development and deployment of strategic nuclear weapons to permit the Soviets to achieve strategic nuclear parity.

United States restraint, the advocates of this theory hold, would reassure the Russians politically and psychologically. Moscow, with parity in nuclear weapons, would be far more reasonable to deal with than it was in the first period of the nuclear age when it was faced with an overwhelming U.S. superiority. The arms race would thus be slowed. "If we don't do it, the Russians won't," so the theory went.

It is this unilateral, self-sacrificing approach to arms limitation that, more than any other single factor, has inhibited a decision to deploy an AICBM system or to develop other advanced strategic systems as rapidly as U.S. technology permits. One critic has described it as the doctrine of "sweet reasonableness" applied to a world of power politics. By whatever name it goes, it has been extremely influential in Washington and particularly in the Pentagon during the Kennedy-Johnson administrations. Now it has been challenged by the Soviet deployment of an AICBM system ("The Soviets have done it and we haven't!").

Advanced Logic

Dr. Harold M. Agnew, head of the Atomic Energy Commission's Weapons Division of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, threw down the gauntlet this spring, in a speech in San Francisco, to those whom he called the technological conservatives of the scientific community, who want to stifle innovation. He noted that we had lost the technological initiative and now tended to react to Russian developments rather than vice versa. He expressed fear that in a few years we might lose our past "unquestioned economic and military superiority.

"I believe the lack of true understanding of science and technology of many of our policy makers and the substitution of what I consider wishful thinking, to be very dangerous."

Noting that in the Washington of the past six years "somehow innovation seems to carry the connotation of provocation," Agnew rejected the theory of parity as a stabilizing factor, and said flatly that "we can never expect to negotiate favorably from a position of inferiority or equality. . . ."

Agnew said that the official trend toward a deliberate technological slowdown was first mentioned openly in 1962 in an interview with Stewart Alsop in the *Saturday Evening Post*, when McNamara, having been asked when he thought the Soviet Union would have invulnerable second-strike missiles, replied that it boils down to "the sooner the better."

The "logical conclusion" of such Alice-in-Wonderland reasoning, as Agnew noted sarcastically, was that "the U.S. should build some Polaris submarines for Russia."

Agnew, though he spoke only for himself, voiced the views of an increasing number of scientists—including Dr. Edward Teller of the University of California and the so-called "California group," and Commissioner James T. Ramey of the Atomic Energy Commission. This group believes, in Ramey's words, that the scientific liberal is the "innovator," that it is vital to national security and to progress to encourage innovation—not discourage it.

By inference, their opponents in the scientific community are the scientific traditionalists, who are deliberately trying to restrain technological weapons progress. This school is led by what is generally described as the "Cambridge group" of scientists. Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, former science adviser to Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson, is perhaps the best known of the "Cambridge group."

Wiesner and Roswell Gilpatric, Under Secretary of Defense in the first three years of the McNamara régime in the Pentagon, headed a Presidential committee that in the fall of 1965 urged a three-year U.S.-Soviet moratorium on the production of an AICBM system. Their report clearly reflected the "slowdown" philosophy of the "Cambridge group" and time has shown that the United States has been following this policy; the Russians have not. Since then, Gilpatric, now a lawyer in New York, has written articles stressing the "destabilizing effects" and what he has called the dangerous implications for the "delicate balance of terror," which he feels are implicit in AICBM deployment.

This kind of thinking stems partly from the collective guilt complex felt by many atomic scientists who worked in the Manhattan Project in the Second World War and by their protégés. It reflects, too, the scientists' occupational distaste for secrecy and for what many of them feel to be the prostitution of their science to destructive purposes. But in a larger sense, as some of the wiser of them admit, it also displays the physical scientist's naïveté about political science.

The first clearly expressed statements of this policy line were enunciated prior to President Kennedy's assumption of office. A "Summer Study on Arms Control," conducted at Brookline Station, Massachussetts, in the summer of 1960, outlined what its critics in the Pentagon have called the "*Mein Kampf* of the anti-military, pro-unilateral disarmament experts." It was attended by Wiesner, several men who were later to become Deputy Assistant Secretaries of Defense, and by many other scientists and academicians. Some of its papers or discussions seem in retrospect, prophetic. One speaker advocated a "crackdown" on the military to insure compliance with disarmament ideas—"some resignations [it was said] may be necessary to make the point." It urged "no ballistic missiles to be provided to U.S. troops on the continent [of

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Europe] or to NATO"; a treaty with the Soviet Union "barring the granting of atomic weapons to third parties"; and other measures—some of them since implemented in whole or in part.

Marking Time

To the prestige and influence of scientists like Wiesner have been added that of many bureaucrats in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, the State Department, and in the many academic communities, "think factories," and study groups who have held government contracts on arms-control studies.

The Cambridge group has been able to count among its adherents some important civilian officials in the Pentagon, apparently the President's present scientific adviser, Dr. Donald Hornig and—judging from his actions and his arguments—even Secretary McNamara himself.

The Cambridge group also appears to have the support of many writers and readers of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, a magazine with a cover that shows an atomic clock set at twelve minutes to midnight. The magazine itself, through its editor, Eugene Rabinowitch, has urged American scientists to "do all in their power" to prevent the government from "matching" the Soviet AICBM development. To do so, he said, would be to initiate another great step in the arms race without a compensating increase in security.

In the scientific community itself, the California group, with its emphasis upon the need for technological innovation and development, is more than balanced by the Cambridge group, with its emphasis upon restraint. Ramey, Agnew, and Teller—who says the concept of parity is "cost-effective, but it may well lead to the end of the United States" —are among the few scientific voices publicly proclaiming the urgency of the situation. Ramey has in the past been a minority of one in the AEC; he has been consistently on the side of optimum development and long ago exposed the folly of insisting upon a "military requirement" as a precondition for development.

Many of the academic and theoretical scientists engaged in so-called "pure" research undoubtedly take their lead from the Wiesner group. Many, but not all, of the scientists in government and industrial employment engaged in missile development or allied technology undoubtedly tend to agree with the Teller school. But it is probable that the majority of scientists do not agree wholly with either group. One highly respected national figure who has been in close touch with the scientific community confirmed the broad gulf that divides United States scientists today but said he felt that the majority of scientists—if convinced that Russia was actually deploying an extensive AICBM system—would regretfully come to the conclusion that the United States must follow suit. This would not include, he said, the Cambridge group, whose minds, he feared, were "frozen" on this subject.

If the Moscow missile talks remain in a preliminary stage, with not even an agreement for formal discussions, and if at the same time the Russians continue to emplace AICBM and offensive missile installations, the Cambridge group will doubtless lose by default. But their last-ditch fight, exemplified by recent articles in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and by quiet contacts between members of the group and various Congressmen, may well delay a go-ahead on a United States system for another year.

Congress itself is divided. The chairmen and most of the members of the powerful armed-services committees of both houses have repeatedly expressed apprehension about the delay in initiating an AICBM system. Some of the liberal Congressmen, like Senator Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania), tend, on the other hand, to agree with Wiesner's views. In trials of strength in the past Congress has found that it could not force the Pentagon to utilize moneys that McNamara said he did not need or want, and the Democratic majority is reluctant to oppose administration programs and to push the AICBM too strongly while any possibility remains of limiting the missile race.

THE ADMINISTRATION has already thrown a sop to Congress by requesting contingency funds in the 1968 military budget for some long lead-time items for a Nike X missile-defense system. So long as the inconclusive meetings in Moscow continue, Congress is unlikely to force the issue.

Time and the Russians *will* force it—but it may not be until next year. Yet time, as the proponents of technological innovation and of the Nike X say, is of the essence. Some of the components of the U.S. system, notably the new long-range Spartan missile designed to intercept incoming warheads outside the atmosphere, are still in development. And it will take a minimum of five years, perhaps as many as eight, to deploy a general-area defensive system (Spartan) for all of the United States, and a point-defense system with shorter-range, high-speed Sprint missiles for close-in defense of twenty-five important cities. In the meantime, the Soviets will not be standing still.

Today, there is no doubt—and the advocates of slowdown, unilateral arms limitations must bear some of the responsibility for this —that the Soviet Union has a time advantage in what, whether we like it or not, is a continuing arms race. It is a handicap by no means fatal but difficult and expensive to overcome.

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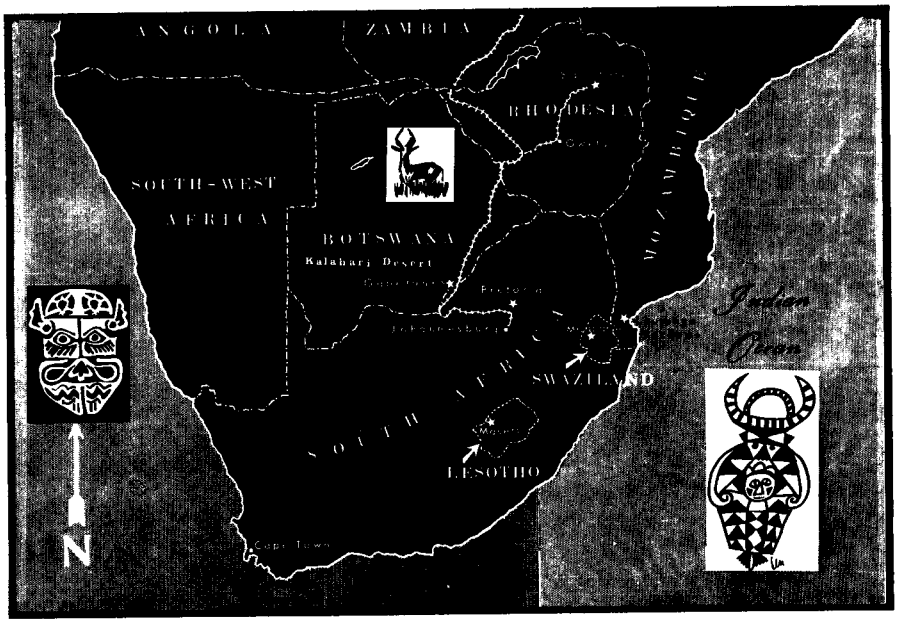

Africa: New Nations And New Alignments

NOEL MOSTERT

GABERONES, BOTSWANA

THE ASSOCIATION of Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland with South Africa offers perhaps the most interesting case of political symbiosis in the world today. It has brought critical divisions within the Organization of African Unity; but, explosive as it is, this immediate issue obscures a more vital one concerning the economic alternatives that now confront Africa. A great battle is shaping up over continental development, on what is expedient and necessary, and alignments are now being explored and consolidated that could decide Africa's stability in the near future. In this context the position of Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland has become a crucial test.

The three countries either fringe upon or are contained by South Africa. They are economically dependent on it. Less than four years ago South Africa's then prime minister, Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, was still challenging Britain on the viability of the three protectorates, as they were then known, and suggesting that their only real future lay in absorption by the Republic. But once plans for their independence became concrete, South Africa accepted the situation and began wooing them.

Botswana and Lesotho became independent last fall, and Swaziland, which became self-governing after elections in April, is expected to demand independence by next year. All three have a customs union with South Africa, which collects import duties for them. They use South Africa's currency, the Rand, and they form an inseparable part of the South African network of communications and power. South African advisers are scattered throughout their administrative departments, and South African finance is moving in on development plans.

Gardiner's Influence

Botswana, the size of France and by far the largest of the trio, is mostly wild and open and empty, good cattle country, and filled with wild game. Formerly known as Bechuanaland, Botswana is the corridor between South Africa and Black Africa to the north. It contains the main rail link between South Africa and Rhodesia. Its president, Sir Seretse Khama, Oxford-educated and British-mannered, with an English wife, is certainly the most erudite and notable of the three countries' leaders.

Lesotho, formerly Basutoland, is a tiny mountain-locked kingdom entirely surrounded by South Africa and wholly dependent upon the Republic. By far the poorest of the three, it is, politically speaking, the most important. It has the highest literacy rate of Black Africa (the gift of nineteenth-century missions) and this has made it more quick and aware and, potentially, more explosive.

Swaziland, the smallest, is the richest and most conservative. The last British colonial territory in Africa, it will reach independence with a viable economy and a tribal system of government thinly disguised as parliamentary democracy.

Even though economics and geopolitical circumstances have dictated the association between these three countries and South Africa, the prospect of black nationalism consorting with apartheid has profoundly disturbed the north. The anguish of that dilemma has now been extended to another: Should Black Africa swallow its distaste and accept the participation of South Africa in continental development, where its special skills are urgently needed?

At the moment, the debate centers upon Addis Ababa, home of the Organization of African Unity. The Ethiopian capital is also the home of the United Nations' Economic Commission for Africa. Under its Ghanaian Executive Secretary, Robert K. A. Gardiner, an economist and administrator of international stature, it has been trying to impress upon independent black states the urgency of creating modern economies through budget planning and proper management of their finances and resources. The entire interest of the ECA is the economic rehabilitation of Africa and a gradual realization of its vast potential.

Its thinking under Gardiner has been broad and imaginative. In January it called a conference in Addis Ababa of industrialists and financiers from fourteen western and east-

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ern countries (in addition to representatives from ECA countries), who were told by Gardiner that millions of pounds were lying idle in African countries "for want of entrepeneurs and technical management skills." And at its eighth session in Lagos in February, Tom Mboya, Kenya's Minister of Economic Planning and Development and retiring chairman of the ECA, told the six hundred delegates from all over Africa that the greatest danger to the developing countries was of their not developing at all.

IT WAS from the Lagos meeting that Gardiner himself went south in March to visit Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland. There is every indication that, in rethinking Africa's future as a whole, he had begun reappraising South Africa's place in it. The advice he offered to a seminar of Swaziland leaders was salty and bereft of illusions. Swaziland would take up to twenty years to provide a reservoir of trained senior local staff, he said; there was no point in talking about "crash programs" because in his experience such programs inevitably crashed.

The greatest impact of Gardiner's visit came when he returned to Addis Ababa. At a press conference, he sharply questioned the prevailing description of Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland as "South Africa's hostages," and said that economic integration of the four countries, as long as it was based on mutual respect, should be considered "necessary and desirable." He then stunned reporters with the suggestion that South Africa rejoin ECA (it had been suspended in 1963).

The reaction to his remarks from some African quarters was rage. Those unequivocally against him sorted out predictably—the United Arab Republic, Algeria, Tanzania, Guinea. Those who listened sympathetically included Liberia, Kenya, Tunisia, Malagasy, and the Central African Republic. Here, broadly speaking, you have the representative opposing forces in Africa today. The issue goes much deeper than mere collaboration with apartheid: Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland have become the immediate symbols of an ideological contest that has been developing since the failure of the powerful "socialist" influence that three or four years ago threatened to engulf the continent.

The Continental Divide

A new conservatism has arisen in Africa, and it should not be underestimated. The military seems to have influenced this rightward shift —ten of the thirty-nine independent African states now have military régimes, and the majority of these seem to be more of the Right than the Left. As one well-known former colonial servant remarked apropos of the coups in West Africa, "It's a question of Sandhurst taking over from the London School of Economics."

This new conservatism has something to do with the deflation of the concept of power once promoted by the Afro-Asian bloc in the years after Bandung, but it has a great deal more to do with the mounting awareness of the benefits that accrue in a climate of stability.

Africa's recurrent upheavals have obscured the considerable stability that *has* been secured throughout the continent; the over-all economic advance has been fractional, but many areas have shown spectacular gain. South Africa's phenomenal boom is not unique—there are others in Kenya, the Portuguese territories, Gabon, the Ivory Coast, and lesser but pronounced improvement in any number of other countries. These have promoted the sort of economic realism that is now emerging and that has resulted in at least one convert from the "socialist" camp—Mali. It went over to Marxism along with Guinea in 1960, but it now has surrendered its economy to French financial experts as a preliminary to returning to the French franc zone in West Africa. In Guinea itself, discontent with Sékou Touré's socialism has brought the counrty close to explosion.

It would be dangerous to assume that Africa is lining up into pro-western or anti-western camps. But the schism is quite distinctly between those states which are sick and tired of political upheaval and economic muddle either within their borders or close to them, and those derisive of western-based prosperity who are committed to some form of Marxist or "socialist" experiment. It is only against this background that Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland, otherwise so feeble and unimportant, must now be considered. There are great internal strains in each. While moderates at present hold the fort in all three, they may not hold the future. The opposition in each is leftist pan-Africanist "progressive," and in the case of Lesotho and Botswana draws financial support from Communist sources, either Peking or Moscow, and sometimes both. The opposition in Swaziland is backed by the OAU.

Britain had taken for granted through its years of administration that the protectorates would one day be absorbed by South Africa, so they were excluded from the economic and political development bestowed upon the other imperial possessions. Most of the development in the three has taken place during the past five years, as it became clear that with apartheid entrenched in South Africa, neither British domestic nor international opinion would tolerate their incorporation in the Republic.

Let no one underestimate their nationalism: it is no weaker, no less hopeful or Africanized than that to the north. But their longing for economic viability and self-sufficiency recurs movingly in everything they say. And they have a sense of realism and of responsibility of a sort which Kenyatta of Kenya has come to embody. The overwhelming impression

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left me after a short tour of the three countries was of modesty, painstaking sincerity, and desperate need.

The Mood of Maseru

Lesotho, where I began my tour, clearly reflects the continental split. It is the political division between the moderate, traditionalist government of Chief Leabua Jonathan's National Party, and two leftist opposition groups, the Pan-Africanist Congress Party of Ntsu Mokhehle and the Marematlou Freedom Party of Dr. Seth Makotoko.

Prime Minister Jonathan, a relative newcomer to politics, and an ardent Catholic, formed his party in 1959 to oppose the blatant Communist influence in Mokhehle's Congress Party, at that time the only real political movement in the country and generally expected to form its first government at independence. Maseru, the capital, had become a center for left-wing South African refugees who worked for Mokhehle, hoping to see the protectorates serve after independence as the main base for an African offensive against South Africa. The people of the country, however, remain fundamentally traditionalist and the National Party won the pre-independence elections, though with only a two-seat majority and less than half the votes. Jonathan's position was strengthened when a segment of the Congress Party defected to him. But before Christmas the two opposition parties formed a combination with Lesotho's ambitious constitutional monarch, King Moshoeshoe, in an attempted coup.

Jonathan moved swiftly. The king was placed under protective custody in his palace; Jonathan summoned Lesotho's senate, the House of Chiefs, and, with their approval, forced Moshoeshoe to sign a statement renouncing politics. The two opposition leaders, Mokhehle and Makotoko, were arrested and charged with incitement to public violence, and eight South African refugees who had been implicated were deported. The Lesotho civil service, packed with Congress Party supporters, was purged. Jonathan emerged with a stronger hand, but his position remains insecure; economically, the country requires drastic measures, for which the present political situation allows little room to maneuver.

Lesotho's gross domestic product of about £18 million ($50 million) is taken from a soil that is dry and exhausted. Many of its 975,000 inhabitants are plagued by famine and many children are so weak from hunger that they cannot even walk to schools to be fed. In 1964

the British sent an economic survey mission and the Lesotho authorities drew up a five-year development plan based on its recommendations, only to find that the British government wasn't prepared to help carry it out. Anti-British feeling in Maseru is strong, although Britain provides about sixty per cent of the country's budget.

One of South Africa's biggest industrialists has now been appointed financial adviser to the Lesotho government and there are indications that some South African capital might come in for the establishment of light industry. Pretoria is also considering backing a huge hydroelectric project that would help meet South Africa's water needs and would earn Lesotho over $3 million annually. But Lesotho's principal dependence upon South Africa is for employment—only about five per cent of the country's male working force can find jobs within Lesotho itself; sixty-two per cent of the remainder go to the Republic, and their remittances are the main support of those who stay behind.

Lesotho's main affliction is Africa's —that is, an ancient land tenure system, with the land communally owned and parceled out by the chiefs, so that a family works and reworks its small holding, with ever-decreasing yields. Meanwhile, with a rising population, the sub-economic plots get smaller. As a traditionalist, drawing much of his power from the House of Chiefs, Jonathan is unlikely to initiate any spectacular land reform. Without it, development of light industry with South African help seems to be the only—and still distant—alternative to the one-way ticket to Johannesburg for a majority of the Basuto men.

All the King's Men

Swaziland, by comparison, would seem to have it made: high, green, and very beautiful, it is making money fast, drawing in investment almost daily. In the past ten years it has acquired a railway to the sea, a rich iron-ore mine (whose production goes to Japan), a pulp industry, sugar industry, and, though still in its infancy, a citrus industry. Other mineral discoveries are in prospect, and the country has also become a playground for the Johannesburg rich, with a huge Las Vegas-style casino in the capital, Mbabane. But Swaziland, for all its promise, leaves one uneasy.

"The atmosphere is—well, very colonial," a young English girl said on the bus from the Transvaal. Unlike Botswana and Lesotho, Swaziland is a "settler" country. There are ten thousand whites against 375,000 Swazi, and the former own almost half the land.

The Swazi are seventy per cent illiterate. They are more traditional than the Basuto, strongly loyal to their king, Sobhuza II, who has been on the Swazi throne since 1921. But, lacking the literacy of the Basuto, it is precisely this traditionalism which has held them back politically. The new constitution is essentially tribal. It provides for a twenty-four-seat elected Legislative Assembly and a Senate consisting of six members nominated by the king and six nominated by the Assembly. The king's party, Imbokodvo, led by a relative, Prince Makhosini Dlamini, won all seats in the Assembly in April's elections, which gave it absolute control over the Senate as well.

This of course was an immense

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relief to South Africa and to the Portuguese in Mozambique. Prince Makhosini is a moderate who favors collaboration with South Africa and hopes to be accepted by the OAU. His main opposition in the elections, the National Liberatory Congress led by Dr. Ambrose Zwane, is wholly opposed to the present constitution, which Zwane described as the basis for a "tyrannical and ruthless tribal dictatorship." He is also against the economic alliance with South Africa. Financed by the OAU, the party's main appeal lies with the urbanized Swazi, who have developed a taste for pan-African ideas from the north. Its comparative show of strength against the entrenched power of the royalist bloc shows that it has correctly gauged the deeper stirrings throughout Swaziland. Indeed, the king's party was forced to a far firmer line in the elections than it would normally have taken, and to borrow heavily from the Congress Party's nationalism. It adopted the cry for "independence now," and also promised an end to racial discrimination.

While the king lives, the royalist party's strength—and the jobs it offers all the king's relatives—seems assured. But he is almost seventy, and, though he retains Swazi loyalty, he cannot altogether control their dissatisfaction, which now centers upon the land problem and the "white" tone of Swazi life. The wealth pouring into the country and the prospect of budgetary surplus still mean nothing to the Swazi peasant. Africanization recently has proceeded rapidly, but mostly with untrained recruits. Unless the white residents of Swaziland come to adjust their attitudes and co-operate in closing the gap between themselves and the black peasants, the land and discrimination issues may flare into violence and consume those very advantages that now set Swaziland apart from its sister protectorates.

BOTSWANA was a pleasant change. For all its great difficulties—an economy based on 1.5 million head of cattle, to cite only one—it struck me as offering quite the most hopeful prospect of all. On the economic point, rich copper deposits are about to be exploited, as well as soda ash. Politically, the power of the tribal chiefs is being replaced by elected councils. It is a compelling country physically, above all because of the bushveld with its thorn trees, clear skies, heat, sand, and teeming animals.

Botswana has moved along a middle course that is quite distinct from Lesotho's or Swaziland's. Its dependence upon South Africa is great (it sells most of its meat there, or ships it through), but nonetheless leaves enough room to seek alternative markets as well. President Khama would be an extraordinary man anywhere, and it has required all the qualities he possesses to handle his own politically perilous situation, trapped as he is at the center of the sub-continent's conflicts. South-West Africa lies to the west, South Africa to the south, Zambia and Rhodesia to the north. Botswana provides the route for north-bound refugees, and could one day do the same for south-bound "guerrillas." So far it has

steered clear of involvement and clings to a policy of "no force," whether against South-West, Rhodesia, or South Africa itself.

President Khama has achieved something as close to African neutrality as anyone could. Botswana ministers believe that their country has indeed helped the moderating forces now gathering in Addis Ababa. For one thing, nobody doubts President Khama's own integrity or his deep-rooted dislike of apartheid —he was, after all, until very recently a prohibited immigrant in South Africa because of his marriage to a white woman. He has not yet met South African Prime Minister B. J. Vorster. While there is extensive contact on other senior official levels, and while Vorster himself is reported eager for a meeting, the feeling among senior Botswana officials is that there is no reason why the president should rush into it.

Botswana's most difficult problem is that of refugees from South Africa and South-West Africa. It is committed to granting asylum to legitimate refugees, yet determined not to be used as a base of operations against South Africa; as events in Lesotho have shown, the refugees are not above applying their experience to the local situation and involving themselves with those in opposition to their hosts. Under a new bill, refugees must sign an undertaking not to take part in local politics. They must also report regularly to the police.

Urgency and Sympathy

Agriculture and the low literacy rate remain big domestic challenges here as well. The need in agriculture is water, and in education simply teachers and schools. The Peace Corps is making a very worthwhile effort, but the Africans here have only a 21.8 per cent literacy rate in Setswana, the main indigenous language, and fifteen per cent in English, which is used in parliament and on most public occasions.

Yet, on the whole, I found a much greater sense of resolution and of systematic effort in Botswana than in the other two countries. During the hour I spent in the Botswana parliament, agriculture was the subject and the ordinary MP's spoke with an urgency, knowledge, and responsibility that would have been good for any South African Nationalist to have listened to. When white members spoke (two members of the cabinet as well as the Speaker are white) it was with the same involvement and intensity. There was a bond of sympathy and familiarity here that was most distinctive. The most easy-going whites in Africa today seem to be in Botswana. A lot of this has to do with the character of the country and its people, and not a little of it to do with the president's wife, a former London typist. She is certainly one of the most interesting figures in modern Africa, strong-minded but self-effacing in her public appearances with her husband. Her welfare work in the territory through the years has earned her an unmistakable place of her own.

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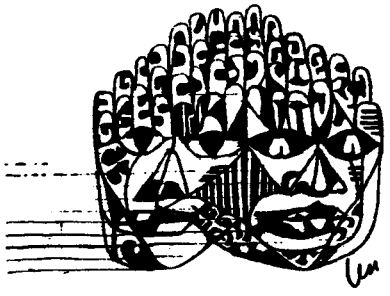
Politically, disturbances in Botswana would be more dangerous than in Lesotho or Swaziland, affecting as they would the widest and most sensitive area of the region. But Botswana's opposition, despite its Communist financing, is largely subdued by the Democratic Party's overwhelming majority. All three nations, in fact, seem to have a reasonably good chance of maintaining their present moderate-minded policies for an essential transition period beyond independence. Nourished by the South African economic association, they should be able to begin the reforms in education, agriculture, and industry they so urgently require.

They will obviously need massive outside aid. They deserve it after so much neglect, but they also need it because they represent a concrete hope for southern Africa. Any delay in reform or development in these countries could easily alter their present precarious middle course. The triumph of moderation here will mean, for one thing, that Africa has seriously involved itself with constructive solutions. It will also prove to the "white" South that it has less



to fear from African nationalism than it thought. As Allister Sparks, foreign editor of the Johannesburg *Rand Daily Mail* recently told the liberal South African Institute of Race Relations: "Most important of all, it may help lower the level of racial fear at being outnumbered: the fear of Black domination and Black chaos and Black vengeance. It is this which has caused South Africans to think emotionally rather than rationally, and thus to pursue myths and to ignore realities." If Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland do not survive, then all this will be back where it started, and the crisis that failure would provoke would be phenomenal.

Hanoi's Summer Offensive: A Bigger War in Prospect

DENIS WARNER

DONG HA

WHEN the long-expected North Vietnamese offensive along the demilitarized zone failed to materialize last November and the northeast monsoons enshrouded central Vietnam ending all significant military action here for nearly four months, many authorities concluded that Hanoi had learned some of the errors of its ways. After a summer of repeated defeats, in which the North Vietnamese 324th B Division lost at least two-thirds of its effectives killed, a withdrawal by the regular Northern forces, leaving the primary and protracted war of attrition to the Vietcong guerrillas, seemed both logical and prudent. No military commander, it was thought, could hope indefinitely to continue set-piece actions in the face of the massive firepower available to the American forces. The wonder was that it had taken Hanoi so long to learn.

With the 1967 summer only just beginning, it is patent that the Northerners have reached an entirely different set of conclusions. Instead of withdrawing, they have reinforced. Far from dodging a fight, they have seized the initiative. Armed with new tactics and much more highly sophisticated weapons, they have thrown themselves into the fray with unprecedented vigor and weight. Only the courage, mobility, and firepower of their American and South Vietnamese opponents and their own bad luck and inflexibility have denied them important victories. The middle- and long-term prospect now is not for a smaller war but for the heaviest fighting this region has seen since the Indo-China War ended thirteen years ago.

The scattered and seemingly unrelated Communist attacks that have occurred in the five northern provinces under the I Corps command since mid-February have a degree of centralized authority and tactical purpose that has not been readily apparent in the piecemeal unfolding of the campaign. Before examining its significance, therefore, it may be helpful to trace the enemy-initiated action since the four-day Tet standdown between February 9 and 12, when in a burst of feverish, unhampered activity the North Vietnamese, in this tactical area alone, moved enough munitions by land and sea into South Vietnam to supply one division for a full year.

With Tet over and their stockpiles brimming, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong began a period of experimentation in weaponry and tactics, while the flow of Northern reinforcements for the war along the Ho Chi Minh Trail and through the demilitarized zone rose to the wartime high of seven thousand to eight thousand a month.

THE FIRST to feel the weight of the new enemy strength was a Korean company, well dug in on a knoll and supported by its own artillery, in the hinterland of Quang Ngai Province. Two battalions of the 21st Regiment, a mixed formation of Northern and Vietcong regulars armed with mortars, recoilless rifles, and, for the first time, flamethrowers, hammered the Koreans on February 14 with the biggest enemy preassault bombardment of the war. Although the enemy force quickly broke through the perimeter and overran a machine-gun post, the Koreans counterattacked, encircled the infiltrators, and wiped them out to a man. By the time the action ended the following day, they had killed, in conjunction with air support and additional artillery, 308 of the attacking force. Under instruction, they saved two prisoners.

This first enemy use of massed mortars and flamethrowers to soften up an infantry position was followed on February 27 by the first 140-millimeter rocket attack. Directed against Danang airfield, it was spectacular but unsuccessful. The launcher, which looks like a piece of six-inch

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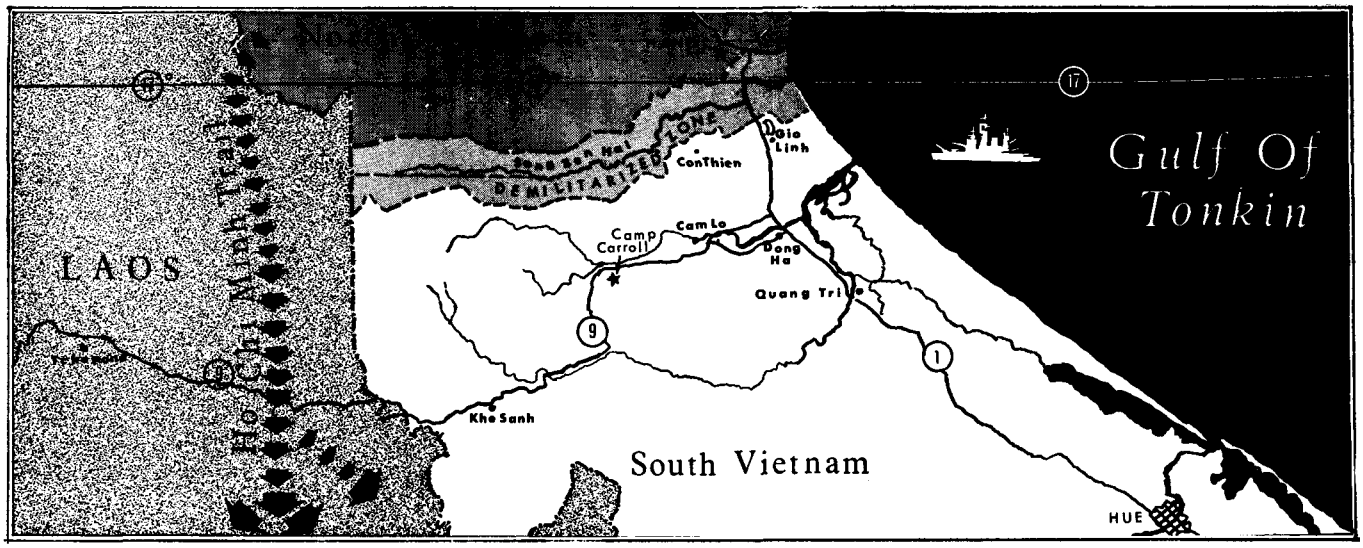

stovepipe mounted on a wooden platform and weighs only a few pounds, is easy to carry. To set it up requires no more than a few minutes. It fires a formidable ninety-three-pound projectile, but to establish the range is very much a matter of trial and error. This time the rocket crews erred, and their seventy rounds overshot, killing eleven American servicemen but causing only slight damage to aircraft. A second attack at Danang on March 15 was much more accurate. In fifteen seconds the crews launched fifteen rockets which landed on the runway, setting alight a fuel line and damaging a number of aircraft. American artillery was ready and waiting, however, and counter-battery fire quickly ended the attack.

Mortars and Rockets

The action now moved north into the critical area immediately south of the 17th parallel. Early in March the monsoon rains ended here. The narrow coastal plain, only forty-five miles wide from the South China Sea to the Laotian border, has yellowed in the blazing sun. The rice is harvested and the west winds from Laos have turned the Marines' enclaves into dust bowls. Dong Ha, forward headquarters for the 3rd Marine Division, is twelve miles south of the Ben Hai river, the dividing line between North and South Vietnam. It is at the road junction of Route 1, the old Mandarin Road, which leads eventually to Hanoi, and Route 9, which goes west through the Special Forces and Marine camp at Khe Sanh to Laos and the major staging point of Tchepone on the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

Also due west of Dong Ha, and roughly in the center of Quang Tri Province, are the artillery platforms at Cam Lo and Camp Carroll. To the north, about six miles apart and just below the demilitarized zone, are the long-range artillery position at Gio Linh and the Marine and Special Forces camp at Con Thien. These two positions are now in view of each other along the "firebreak" which the Seabees have bulldozed across the countryside.

Gio Linh's 175-millimeter guns, with a twenty-mile range, strike daily at positions in North Vietnam. Its 105s provide direct support for Con Thien, Dong Ha, and the other artillery positions at Cam Lo and Camp Carroll, which are in turn available to support isolated Khe Sanh, six miles from the Laotian border. Add to this total control of the air and support from naval guns offshore, and the Marine position here, tripled since the beginning of March to more than division strength, might appear to be beyond challenge. Instead, the story of the past few months has been challenge, challenge, and challenge again.

The opening rounds of this bloody war of maneuver came at the end of the first week of March. The point platoon of a Marine battalion, moving west beyond Cam Lo, ran into the point of a Northern column, probably of battalion strength, moving south. The Marine battalion commander died in the first phase of this bitter thirty-six-hour action. Meanwhile, a second Northern column, moving south but further to the west, escaped detection and launched a five-hundred-round mortar and rocket attack against the artillery platform at Camp Carroll.

At the same time, a third column, with a much heavier supply of artillery, ran into a Marine patrol west of the Mandarin Road, between Dong Ha and Gio Linh. The call went out for reinforcements and four battalions of South Vietnamese were trucked in. Disembarking on the highway, they fanned out toward the west. On their first night out, they were hit by 1,200 rounds of mortar fire. Next morning, however, they overran the Northerners' command post, captured 2,200 mortar rounds, and killed between five hundred and six hundred of the enemy.

DURING the next few weeks no major thrust occurred. From March 15 through the first week in April, however, there were widespread acts of terrorism through Quang Tri and Thua Thien Provinces. A significant point about these activities was their lack of selectivity. The Vietcong forgot about the hearts and minds of the local population. They made no effort to avoid hurting civilians. Where once they had been careful, for instance, to detonate their land mines electrically, they now used pressure switches. The roads became unsafe

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not only for the military but for all users.

On the night of April 6, major attacks on a South Vietnamese regimental headquarters eleven miles north of Hué, the capital of Thua Thien Province, and on Quang Tri city, the capital of Quang Tri Province, ended the military lull. Mortar shells landed on the Hué citadel and there were reports here that North Vietnamese troops had been seen in the center of the city. Panic set in. News that the South Vietnamese regimental headquarters north of the city had been overrun and the regimental commander killed coincided with Vietcong action to close the road to Danang to all commercial traffic. Gasoline became so short that military supplies had to be made available just to keep the police on the roads. "People firmly believed that some sort of deal had been made with Hanoi to give it the two northern provinces, Quang Tri and Thua Thien," an official in Hué told me. "For two weeks nothing could convince the people otherwise. This added to the panic. The people here don't like Saigon much, but they like Hanoi even less."

Quang Tri city settled down more quickly. Apart from an attack on artillery positions just outside the town, where the fighting was heavy, the raiders stayed only long enough to open the prison doors and to throw satchel charges against the mayor's house and into a room occupied by the U.S. civilian advisory group. The latter had a narrow escape when the fuse became detached from the charge when it was hurled into the room.

Two divisions of North Vietnamese troops, the 341st and the 324th B, had now been committed to action. Across the Laotian border in Tchepone, where it had been waiting for six months, a third, the 325th, now prepared to move. Its targets were the Special Forces camp and Marine infantry company on either side of Khe Sanh, one of the more important listening posts close to the Ho Chi Minh Trail and high in the mountains in the center of a small coffee-growing area.

The elephant grass here grows to a height of about twelve to fifteen feet and provides enough cover to conceal an army. The jungle cover is thick, with an especially heavy undergrowth. The French used to refer to the mountains north of Khe Sanh as the tiger's teeth, an expression that conveys some of the savagery of the country. About mid-April the Marines noticed a sharp increase in the number of enemy troops passing through.

Blows That Hurt

On April 24 two Marine patrols began to hunt for a series of caves which they thought the transients were using. Instead, they ran headlong into the invasion forces from Laos, the 18th and 9th Regiments of the 325th Division. The enemy came with one regiment forward, armed and ready for action, and with the second acting initially as porters but ready to take over the guns of the dead and wounded.

The first reaction back at company headquarters in Khe Sanh was that the patrols had tangled with local Vietcong. But the Northerners tipped their hand. As the helicopters came in to evacuate the wounded, they ran into such concentrated small-arms fire that the Marines realized this was a major force, and the Northerners lost the advantage of surprise. An SOS signal went out to Dong Ha, and in came the bulk of two Marine infantry battalions and two battalions of artillery.

On the three main hills dominating Khe Sanh the Northerners covered their bunkers with up to six layers of logs hewn from the jungle with chain and cross-cut saws. Napalm, field artillery, and the run-of-the-mill range of bombs had little effect on these bunkers. Thousand-pounders with delayed action fuses were needed to break through, and even these sometimes failed to shatter the resistance. In one bunker, a mortally wounded Northern soldier still clutched his sub-machine gun and opened fire as the Marines approached.

Individually courageous, disciplined, well-equipped and well-trained, but inflexible, as always, in their command planning, the Northerners persisted far beyond the point of reason with a whole series of coordinated actions. The helicopter pad at Phu Bai, the Marine forward divisional headquarters at Dong Ha, and the artillery positions at Gio Linh all came under heavy and coordinated mortar, artillery, or rocket attack.

At Dong Ha the bombardment knocked out the communications center and put the vital radio net out of operation. At Phu Bai it damaged nineteen of the forty to forty-five helicopters on the field and five Army transport planes. Had the force at Khe Sanh succeeded in maintaining the element of surprise, these attacks might have tilted the scales. In the event, however, the Northerners lost one regiment almost in its entirety, and their only success, if it can be so described, was to penetrate the Special Forces camp, where they killed, among others, the newly arrived senior adviser and his executive officer.

JUST BEFORE the fighting began at Khe Sanh, the Seabees under the protection of two companies of Marines began to build the two-thousand-foot-wide "firebreak" west from Gio Linh to Con Thien. This operation met with much criticism from the Marines, who doubt the worth of an undefended line of this sort and scoff at the suggestion that it can be pushed into the enemy-infested hills and mountains between Con Thien and the Laotian border. The Northerners nevertheless reacted swiftly. They knocked out four of the five observation posts along the strip almost as soon as they were built, and on May 8, three days after the fighting ended at Khe Sanh, threw two battalions against the small force of Vietnamese irregulars, about a hundred men in the Special Forces camp, and two Marine companies assigned to guard the Seabees at Con Thien. The Northerners charged across the strip and into the camp. With recoilless rifles they knocked out two amphibious tractors and a small tank and drove a wedge into the forward edge of the position, killing Marines in their bunkers with flamethrowers and setting fire to the stores. Air and artillery support helped to drive off the attackers next morning, but nine Northern battalions were now closing around Con Thien.

For days on end they peppered Con Thien's defenses with recoilless rifle fire. When this failed to achieve

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its purpose, they tried multiple rocket attacks. On one occasion, some two hundred rounds fell within the perimeter in less than nine minutes. On another, sixty rockets landed on the helicopter pad in fifty-five seconds. The camp also came under fire from artillery positions in the northern part of the demilitarized zone.

Here at 3rd Marine Division forward headquarters, the heavy assault was taken as evidence that the North Vietnam command had decided to seize Con Thien as the first of a series of moves to take Gio Linh, Cam Lo, Dong Ha, and, finally, Camp Carroll. Because of this pressure and on the basis of this evaluation the Marine command decided to carry the ground war into the forbidden land of the demilitarized zone.

In five days the Marines and South Vietnamese airborne units killed more than six hundred Northern troops, captured large quantities of supplies, and brought out more than nine thousand South Vietnamese civilians for resettlement. This part of the DMZ is now a "free zone." Anything that moves is a target. "This operation prevented the NVA [North Vietnamese] from taking Con Thien for Ho Chi Minh's birthday," a top Marine officer told me with conviction.

General Giap's Tactics

As the Marines and the South Vietnamese airborne moved out, however, the Northerners moved right back in, and twice before the end of May the Marines on the southern edge of the zone fought their way into the hills against solidly entrenched forces. The action is continuing, and the casualty lists are growing. In twenty major actions in the I Corps tactical area since mid-February the Marines have killed 4,700 enemy troops against losses of eight hundred Marines killed and 4,800 wounded. (These figures do not include the losses inflicted on the Marines in separate artillery, mortar, and rocket attacks.)

Nothing is now so sensitive as the casualty list. The Marines argue that even the most minor wounds are listed and that the figures are really grossly misleading. Since the enemy killed are certainly understated, there is no questioning the account the Marines have given of themselves. They remain the world's best assault troops. If they have a fault, it is that the assault standards they set for themselves may be too high for the needs of this war. Here, the hills and mountains do not lead to victory but only to other hills and mountains. Sometimes patience truly is the highest of military virtues and fire support cheaper and better than fearlessness.

As this account suggests, the Marines are stretched thin on the ground. They have been used in much the same way that the late General Walton Walker maneuvered his inadequate forces to plug the recurrent holes in the Naktong River line in Korea in the summer of 1950, and with equal effect.

There is, however, a vital difference between the Naktong River line and the DMZ front. In Korea, the Northerners were at the end of their long supply line. Here, the

North Vietnamese, though exposed to artillery and air attack north of the Ben Hai river, are under no real threat of an Inchon-type landing beyond their lines.

All through the Indo-China War, General Vo Nguyen Giap tested tactics and weapons against the French. Where the potential rewards were high enough, he accepted staggering losses, certainly far higher than his forces have suffered on this battlefield. His initial drive on Hanoi early in 1951, when General de Lattre de Tassigny used napalm for the first time, was a bloody failure. He lost thousands later at Ninh Binh on the southern rim of the Red River delta. His losses were even heavier in December, 1952, at Nasam, a full-scale dress rehearsal for Dien Bien Phu. From his defeats he learned what he needed for future victory. And when the time came, his needs were met. In a much more limited sense, these are the tactics he is following here. The bare, dusty knoll which the artillery position occupies at Gio Linh is not only similar in appearance but has many of the structural weaknesses of the Dien Bien Phu artillery position, which was knocked out in the first hours of battle. Dong Ha is a living museum piece of what sufficed in the way of forward headquarters when the Vietcong were simple, improvising guerrillas. Helicopters, aircraft, communications centers, and command posts are cheek by jowl, as the enemy is well aware.

IT IS FRUITLESS to attempt to predict where and when Giap may strike. Surprise has always been one of his most effective tactics. Like Mao Tse-tung, he believes in making a noise in the east while preparing to strike in the west. In addition to the prospects here, he has begun work on a road through the Ashua Valley, west of Hué, to link up with the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos. Incredible as it may seem, his labor forces are using bulldozers and other earth-moving equipment in South Vietnam itself. Opposite Pleiku in the Central Highlands and spread across the Cambodian border, he has more than two other divisions of Northerners facing a significantly smaller American force. The effect of these potential threats has been to drain off the American and South Vietnamese reserves and to pin down units that could have been profitably deployed in defense of the Revolutionary Development Program. Before the offensive began in February, this seemed likely to be the limit of the enemy objective. With five divisions now committed in the I Corps area and two others known to be within a day's march, it seems clear from the level of command involved (three regular divisions operating under effective central direction), from the new weapons being tried out, and from the tactics of the assault troops that Hanoi intends to maintain its conventional military momentum along with complementary guerrilla action. The bigger war has just begun.

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Summer Days

MARGARET CREAL

GLANCING through a magazine called *Cycle* that was left at our house by a Vespa-owning young friend, I came on a piece about Trans-Canada Highway 1, and turned at once to a paragraph headed "Saskatchewan: Moose, Buffalo and Frontier." Thousands of square miles of wilderness, ideal for hunting, fishing, and camping, were accessible, I learned, by roads leading off Highway 1, whose 408 miles running from east to west through Saskatchewan were described as "mostly two-lane, well-surfaced. . . ."

There had been some changes, then, since my Saskatchewan childhood in the twenties, when the sight of the black-and-white highway marker, a shield displaying the provincial emblem—three stout bundles of wheat—with the figure 1 just beneath it, had made my heart swell with pride. I believed it was World Highway 1, and that it linked my town of Grenfell with the great cities beyond the rim of the prairies, beyond mountains and forest, even beyond the ocean that I had never seen but whose roar I often listened to in a pearly fluted shell that my father had brought from the Isle of Wight and kept in a drawer of his rolltop desk.

In those days, Highway 1 was mostly one-lane and surfaced, sporadically, with gravel. "We're coming to a gravel stretch," someone would say, and my mother, in the front seat, would brace herself, getting a firm grip on my little brother and the door handle. My older brother and I, in the back seat of our open touring car, dropped to the floor. Ostensibly, this was to avoid being peppered with the hundreds of tiny sharp stones churned up by the wheels, but in fact it was cowardice that kept us huddled on the floor. We did not want to see in advance the handicaps laid out for us by the provincial department of highways—hastily thrown-together planks that detoured us over sloughs and ditches and fields rough with stubble, banks of gravel piled high on either side of the road or possibly running right down the middle of it. A motorist, tooling along at a smart thirty miles per hour might easily get his wheels caught in one of these hillocks, and the car, thrown off balance, would lurch crazily from side to side, an experience particularly nerve-racking on the rare occasions when a car was approaching from the opposite direction.

Once we had a near run-in with a giant yellow grading machine that was rumbling determinedly towards us. My father, piqued that a road builder in a powerful government-owned machine would assume right-of-way over a taxpaying motorist, drove with equal determination straight toward him, never doubting that "the fellow" would soon admit himself bested and move aside to allow us to pass. It was not until we were within yards of him, in a place where there was no choice but to come to a dead stop, that my father realized that the driver of the grading machine was dozing at the wheel. My mother bade my brother and me jump out of the car, and we hurled ourselves into the gravel while she clambered out with my little brother in her arms. My father stood up, blew a tinny blast on his horn, and shouted, "Wake up, my good man!" The driver could not possibly have heard over the roar of the tractor, but something—divine power, we believed—intervened, and the sleeper awoke. What a sight must have met his eyes! Crying children, a woman with a babe in arms standing knee-deep in gravel, a wrathful clergyman upbraiding him.

"SUCH a performance," my father said, after apologies had been accepted, handshakes exchanged, the machine removed to the side of the road, and we were once more on our way. "Why, you might all have been killed." My mother remarked that we might have been killed had we stayed in the car.

"Nonsense," said my father, displeased that so little confidence was placed in him by his wife and children. "I had only to shout to stop him."

Where the highway was not gravelled, it was plain dirt. (All winter long, gravel and dirt stretches alike, Highway 1 was drifted deep in snow, navigable only to sleighs and cutters.) During spring and autumn the dirt dissolved into mud, a single narrow, gummy track. Getting stuck was a common experience, and though disagreeable, not so calamitous as slithering off the road and turning over in the deep ditch beside it. Apart from being splattered black as the wheels dug deeper and

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deeper into the muck there was little danger of physical harm: the motorist had only to make his sticky way to the nearest house where there was usually a farmer with a team of horses willing to help him out. Horsepower had a literal meaning for me: it was the power of a horse to pull a car out of the mud.

During the hot wheat-ripening months the roads dried out, and there was not much to worry about except for potholes and herds of cattle being driven to and from pasture. Often we had to come to a full stop, our way blocked by inquisitive cows who came lumbering and swaying around us, bells clinking, huge heads nodding into our open car, the great mouths chewing, chewing, wisps of straw dripping foolishly from the slippery lips. My father, tolerant of the vagaries of cattle, scolded me from shrinking from them, and waited patiently for the cowherd who came running with sticks and loud cries to drive the foolish creatures on their way.

For my brother and me, our brand-new Ford touring car was a proud family possession and a satisfying status symbol. We liked to sit in it, showing ourselves at luxurious ease, when it was parked in front of the rectory, and to wave goodbye to my father when he set off on his parochial rounds. Actually getting in the car to go somewhere, though, was not an unalloyed delight. And our qualms about motoring were not entirely due to the peculiarities of Saskatchewan roads. My father, like so many motorists of his generation, was more at home with reins in his hand than with a steering wheel. A horse he could trust in fine weather or foul—even a horse with a vicious disposition could be reckoned with—but a car was unpredictable, seemed to balk at his approach, often stubbornly refusing to start, or boiling over, blowing tires, or developing sly little pings and rattles and squeaks.

His outraged astonishment when the car got out of control in a gravel ridge, his frustration as it sank deeper into a sea of mud or threatened to nose-dive into a ditch communicated itself to us children, so that the perils as well as the pleasures of the open road were ever-present in our minds. One black night when thunder was cracking the heavens, through the streaming buttoned-on isinglass curtains we could see by each white sheet of lightning that water filled the ditches on either side of the road along which we helplessly slithered.

I prayed aloud for help, a demonstration of faith that under most circumstances my father would have commended. On this evening, however, he shouted "Shut up!", an expression absolutely forbidden to us children and one that I had never thought to hear a parent use. His words replaced my fears of physical disaster with a sense of moral disaster that was even more unsettling than the storm.

THE GREAT JOURNEY of each year took place in August, when we went to spend a month at Lake Katepwa. My mother packed a picnic hamper, for although the lake was not more than fifty miles from Grenfell, the trip was expected to take several hours. This allowed for emergencies—mechanical breakdowns, convoys of cattle, as well as for certain rituals that were part of the annual vacation. We always paid a call on the rector of the church in a neighboring town, a venerable gentleman named Archdeacon French, who spoke to us children in Cree or Greek, depending on whether he wished to entertain or to educate us. Greek he had learned as a schoolboy at Eton, Cree as a missionary in the Northwest Territories. He had a Tolstoyan beard, and beautiful dark eyes, and he wore a signet ring with which he impressed his family coat of arms in sealing-wax of deep vermilion. He also had a pocket watch that opened mysteriously when he blew on it.

His wife wore long striped shirtwaist dresses and a black velvet choker fastened by a cameo. Her house was full of cats, sleeping in the depths of ancient chairs, crouching beside figures of cats in bronze or porcelain, seated on a cushion that portrayed a cat in petit point, prowling amongst the begonias and geraniums that grew to gigantic height on the window ledges. She provided us children with lemonade made from a syrup that was kept in a stone crock and with tiny butter tarts and slices of Dundee cake. Our parents had a glass of Madeira and cheese-wafers, paper-thin. The Archdeacon entertained us with horror stories about life in the old northwest, English settlers massacred by Indians, Indians torn apart by wolves, etcetera.

Refreshed, we would proceed on our journey to the lake. Trees began to appear now, willows, and canoe birch, and cottonwood with delicate leaves that spun like silver coins in the light breeze. The trees meant that we were approaching the Qu'Appelle Valley, and soon we were at its very edge, clinging to the seat as we went winding down around hairpin bends lurching at every shift of gear and accompanied by the smell of burning brakes. Now the trees towered (we thought) above us, and we looked at each other's faces, interestingly sun-dappled: sometimes we drove for several minutes in deep shade. Away down in the floor of the valley we could see the Qu'Appelle River as it threaded its silvery way from lake to lake through marshes green with tall grasses and reeds. We picnicked each year in the same place, halfway down the hill where there was a gravel siding wide enough to hold the car. Treading this foreign landscape, with its hills and trees and rocks and watery vistas, my brother and I imagined ourselves explorers, about to be photographed for the *National Geographic*, or perhaps for the London *Sphere*, where our pictures would appear in sepia rotogravure as we rummaged for arrowheads or the skulls of Indians or Northwest Mounted Policemen—we did not care which we found and did not, in fact, find any of these.

We climbed to boulders big enough to sit on and, eating our sausage rolls and cucumber sandwiches, looked greedily up and down the valley, descrying familiar landmarks—the red-brick chimneys

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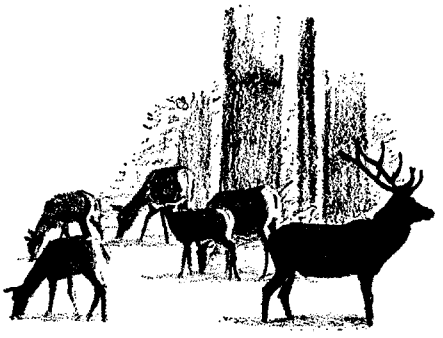
of the provincial tuberculosis sanitarium at the head of the northernmost lake, the little French-Canadian town of Lebret, with its gray-shingled convent school, its monastery and gold-spired church, and high on the brown hill above it the white shrine to which we climbed each year, toiling up the steep stony path past weather-beaten Stations of the Cross. And the lakes themselves, of which we could see two in the chain of five, bright and glittering in the summer air. But it was almost too exciting to look at the lakes; it made us stagger for joy—we could not even eat. Orioles, tiny wild canaries, and red-winged blackbirds flashed through the foliage above us. Soon, in the still shadowy coves of the lake, we would see pelicans, and at night hear the mad sad cry of the loon echoing across the dark still waters.

On our way again, almost in the valley, we passed small derelict farms, with overturned wagons and broken fences and rusty hand harrows lying in the stubbly fields. These impoverished farms belonged to métis, or half-breeds, and their ragged black-haired children waved to us, travelers from a distant country. Like "shut-up," "half-breed" was a forbidden word, though for different reasons. My father felt strongly about the discriminatory treatment handed out to the métis, who were just "white" enough to be excluded from the Indian Reserves and just Indian enough to be regarded by both Indians and whites as a lower order of being. In his presence, we had to say "métis," a word that had no zip to it. To say, "Hey, look at the little half-breeds waving to us," gave us a pleasant sense of superiority. But "Hey, look at the little métis waving to us" only made us feel priggish. It was better, we felt, to ignore these children than to adopt a morally correct attitude toward them.

In Fort Qu'Appelle, a town big enough to have a dry-goods shop, a bakery, two Chinese and one Greek café, we stopped to fill up the gasoline tank under the front seat, have the car inspected for possible damage to tires, brakes and other essential parts during the forty-five-mile run. When the engine had cooled sufficiently, we pulled from the radiator the blackened corpses of grasshoppers that were impeding its efficiency. This accomplished, my father discreetly removed his clerical collar.

The transformation signaled the real beginning of the vacation. My father now led us jauntily up the wide sunbaked main street to one of the Chinese cafés, where there were dusty artificial flowers in the window, Coca-Cola ads showing beauties in bathing suits and floppy hats, and inside, flypapers suspended from the ceilings, shimmering disgustingly in the current from a large fan on the counter. Here an ice cream cone was purchased for everyone except my mother, who disliked ice cream even on a plate. How fine and free we felt, scuffling along the dusty sidewalk, licking the pale pink creamy mound plump with real strawberries, accompanied by a father in a striped necktie. A father in clericals was a dead giveaway: everything about us was immediately apparent to a passerby—that we lived in a house beside a church, said our prayers at night, ate fish on Fridays, and had our clothes sent us, hand-me down,



from relations in England, and that we were, indubitably, "nice" children. Whereas with a father in a striped necktie we might have been anything, the children of a politician, or a traveling salesman or a bank robber.

The cottage that we rented each August was five miles from the Fort, a drive that took us along a one-lane dirt road some twenty feet above the sparkling waters of Lake Katepwa. Here and there the land curved out into the lake, and little colonies of summer cottages sat snugly under the birches. We could hear the shrill happy voices of children building sand castles, and see scarlet canoes gliding across the bright ruffled water. Each year we read the names of the cottages, painted on boards and nailed to trees—Dew Drop Inn, Wel-Kum-Inn, Bide-a-Wee, Happy Daze. My father regarded these coy misspellings as a wanton abuse of the English language and sometimes as positively immoral. Lettuce Loaf was one that never failed to arouse his ire, for he read in it the sin of Sloth, and it was in vain that we pointed to the spic-and-span look of the cottage, with its fresh-painted red shutters, the pebbles that sparkled in the driveway, the flowers orderly in their beds, the owner in a bathing suit washing his car. Merely to have conceived of loafing as a desirable vacation activity seemed to my father reprehensible.

About a mile from our rented cottage (unnamed) was a little grocery store with a row of cabins behind it on the waterfront called Como Park. My father did not fail to remark once a year that it had undoubtedly been named for the beautiful Lake Como in Italy. (This sort of information, which he was so fond of imparting, always went in one ear and out the other. It wasn't until years later, when I read *La Chartreuse de Parme*, that I was moved to wonder what delusions of grandeur or fond memories of European travel had led the Cockney proprietor, a small and short-tempered man, to give this name to his establishment.) When we had passed it, we were on the very last lap of our trip, and once again the road led us along the edge of the lake.

As we rolled merrily along this stretch of the road on one day of arrival, my brother shot up from his seat and announced that the luggage in the fender rack was on fire. My father removed his pipe long enough to say a firm "Nonsense! How on earth could the luggage be on fire?"

"Well, it's smoking, anyway," my brother said.

His warning, like that of an Old Testament prophet, having gone unheeded, he sat back, arms folded, to await disaster. Quite soon my father became aware of a smell of smoke more ominous than that of his

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Three Nuns tobacco. Of the next few minutes I remember only the violent jolting of the brakes, and my father ordering us out and away from the car, which he had every reason to fear would explode, with the gas tank right under the seat. Somehow, he got the smoldering roll of blankets free of the rack and hurled it into the lake below. The flames that shot up from it as it fell were quickly quenched by the rippling water. My father and brother then clambered down the hill and up again in silence, dragging with them the charred and sodden remains of our blankets, not in any hope of salvaging them, but simply to dispose of them in some tidy fashion.

"I cannot imagine how such a thing could have happened," my father said, naturally chagrined at not having listened to his son's warning.

"Perhaps it was a spark from your pipe," my brother said, and was soundly scolded for his impudent suggestion. It was a Saki-like thing for him to have said, because, as he told me years later, he knew perfectly well what had started the fire. Without reckoning the possible consequences, he had packed a neat bundle of firecrackers and matches in the middle of the blanket roll. When we got to the cottage, he offered, with an alacrity that gratified my father, to dig a hole and bury the unsightly remains, thus disposing forever of the circumstantial evidence.

That night we slept with sweaters and coats on, for nights at the lake were chilly. From our beds on the screened porch we could hear the lake water lapping sweetly on the shore and squirrels and chipmunks scampering over the shingled roof. A night wind rustled through the trees that surrounded us and bats banged at the screens. Through knotholes in the bare-board walls, we could peek into the one enclosed room—living room, dining room and kitchen combined—and see our parents reading by the light of an oil lamp. My father puffed on his pipe and contentedly smoothed out the creases in his three-week-old copy of the London *Times*, occasionally slapping with it at a miller-moth. My mother was engrossed in a novel by Arnold Bennett, which had come down to the lake in a Gladstone bag packed to splitting with books. And away off in the distance we heard the loon, forlornly calling to its mate.

The next day we drove back to the Fort to buy new blankets. They were very ugly, made of a pink the color of a particularly disagreeable-tasting pill, and had designs at the center in a sickly yellow. "They look like Indian blankets," I said, and it was my turn to be scolded for speaking disdainfully of Indians.

IN OUR MONTH at the lake, we seldom used the car. My brother and I walked to Como Park every day after lunch, the hour when we could not swim for fear of getting the cramp. The sun blazed down on our burned faces and arms, the sandy path was soft under our bare feet, the air was spicy with lavender sage. We rubbed the thick silvery leaves between our fingers to make them smell like the linen closet at home, and we ate chokecherries that hung in thick crimson clusters from the bushes that edged the path. At the store, while the proprietor fretted at our indecision, we, leisurely and affluent, spent our money—a dime a day each—on Cadbury bars filled with rich runny toffee, or on jawbreakers, licorice whips, and little paper bags of sherbet that fizzed in the mouth and made one sneeze. These treats lasted us most of the way home, and then it was time to swim again.

After supper, we went fishing with my father in the rowboat he had hired for the month. The sun descended abruptly behind the hills that ringed us in; shadows lengthened across the lake; from the monastery at Lebret we could hear the tin-tin of the bells ringing for compline. Pike and pickerel leapt, a black flip in the fading air, and a plosh!—rippling the water. The oars made a plashing sound, the oarlocks squeaked rhythmically. How safe and beautiful the lake was, nestled in the hills, how calm and serene my father, resting on the oars, the smoke from his pipe wreathing blue above his head. We sang—chanteys and Irish ballads—as we rowed home to the little cottage among the trees, where an oil lamp cast a flickering orange light into the rustling shadows.

But on Sundays my father put on his clericals and we our best clothes and went to church by car. Horribly respectable, my brother and I shrank down in the back seat, hoping not to be noticed by the happy heathen holidaymakers who sped past us. Once, coming home from church, we had a blowout. The car careened wildly along the rutted road, off it, and came to rest, quite gently, against a tree. Peering over the side of the car, I looked straight down into the deepest part of the lake, a little cove where we were forbidden to swim because of an ice-cold current and the unknown depth. My brother and I hoped that this near-catastrophe might be taken as an indication that going to church, at the lake, was a dangerous practice. My father felt that we had been providentially saved.

IT ALWAYS BEGAN to rain at the end of August, making more melancholy than ever the prospect of going back home, back to school. It also made more dreadful the prospect of going up the hill—that hill down which we had come so high-heartedly a month earlier. Going up the hill under any weather conditions was no fun, not only because it signaled the end of summer, but because the road was narrow and there was no guard rail. There was always the haunting fear that going around a hairpin bend we would meet a car coming down. This time, we would be on the outside, they on the inside. What good did it do to blow the horn, as my father did, apparently believing that the tinny sound would miraculously clear the way?

One muddy day when we had slithered back to the bottom "to get a runny start," my mother got out of the car, taking us with her, to walk to the top of the hill. What a traitor I felt, leaving my father to perish by himself! As I trudged along, the weight of mud on my stout brown oxfords was no heavier than the weight on my soul. No heroic blood flowed through my veins: I pictured myself, captain of a sinking ship, leaping into the first available lifeboat, deaf to the laments of women and children left

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behind. (That I was a child myself did not occur to me. "Others first, self last" was at all times meant to be the rule in our lives.)

We could hear the car's high whining behind us and glanced back occasionally to see my father grimly hunched over the wheel. At length, he passed us, not daring to stop, the sound of the words he shouted to us drowned by the angry rattling of the motor. He was waiting for us at the top of the hill, while the car cooled, a jet of steam rising from the radiator and drifting off toward the vast watery sky. Summer was over. Fields shorn of their rich harvest lay black and stubbled and desolate. The few trees huddled, downcast in the drizzle. My father, triumphant after his ascent but contemplating another forty miles of mud and gravel stretches, upbraided us for our lack of courage. He would not want to have us around, he said, "should an emergency ever arise."

I DON'T KNOW what his idea of an emergency was. To my brother and me, any motor trip was a prolonged state of emergency punctuated by occasional moments of bliss, when the roads were dry and clear and the sun was shining and my father was singing his favorite songs from *Iolanthe* and *Pinafore*. But now, by the kindly trick that memory can sometimes play, it is these moments that I remember as real and lasting, while the moments of crisis seem to have been mere interruptions in the summer's glorious progress. Better than all the alarms and dangers with their accompanying moral and instructive lectures, I remember the fields of sea-green wheat flowing past us on either side, and above us fluffy white clouds sailing across the bright dome of the sky. We could smell the wild roses that grew in the ditches, and hear the contented croaking of bullfrogs in the grassy depths, where it was always cool and damp. Meadowlarks, startled by our approach, rose and soared away to the distant blue, where cloud castles with crenelated battlements and mountain peaks wreathed in ocean mists told us of the great world beyond the prairies, somewhere near the end of Highway 1.

Butterfly and Snake

On a branch he rests, just like a leaf,
and watches worms march on their knees.

Or, in the sun on a muffin stone,
he calms his wings and watches, near him,
the snake who dreams a new skin in the night
  and wakes to find it truly so

(and wonders why, once more,
he's shed himself like this;—he can't recall
the chrysalis he slithered in the day before).

Rain, and the butterfly goes drowning,
the raindrops leach the colors from his life,
he will die, his wings
blow him away like a shred of tissue

or an ash of our skin that peels and blows off
when the sunburn goes away.

  This creature *was* his skin

unlike the snake, who loses his
but lives, not knowing what he is—and unlike me

who learns a little every year
watching the frost split rocks like melons
and winter darken a river.

And unlike me
who (invisibly)
changes skin each seven years

and cannot perish
easily.

STEPHEN SANDY

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Keeping Behind the Times In Cleveland

ADELE ZEIDMAN SILVER

In the sixteenth century, when the museum first appeared in Europe, as "wunder kammer" in the North and Antiquarium or Galleria in the South, it was an end in itself, a repository for works of art preserved for their own sake. By the nineteenth century, social theorists saw museums embodying a new concept and works of art as means to a new end —public education and edification. C. B. Fairbanks, a young Boston journalist who wrote under the engaging name of "Aguecheek," fairly summed up mid-nineteenth-century hopefulness: "Art is the safest and surest civilizer. . . . Open your galleries of art to the people, and you confer on them a greater benefit than mere book education; you give them a refinement to which they would otherwise be strangers."

This notion of art as a means of achieving the good life has taken such firm root in the twentieth century that it threatens to overrun the tangled garden of American culture. Museum directors are harried by increasing pressures on them to be all things to all people, by trustees, critics, artists, social workers, and the public, to turn museums into memorials, trend-spotters, markets, community workshops and social centers. The "culture explosion"—latest statistics show that a new museum opens every three and a half days and that three hundred million persons visited American museums in 1965, more than double attendance figures for 1950—is sending shock waves through the august halls of the nation's art museums.

One museum which has managed to clear a breathing space in the forest of claims on it—or to withstand the shocks, depending on the image one prefers—is the Cleveland Museum of Art. At the time of its founding, the first director described it as "a community school for the soul," a view widely cherished by the men and women now establishing museums twice a week. During the fifty years since then, the Cleveland has changed its emphasis. Today it vigorously defends the idea of art museum as repository, thereby earning for itself a varied reputation —ranging from stodginess to bravery, arrogance or simple eccentricity —and the professional interest of museum directors and trustees around the country.

Sherman E. Lee, director of the Cleveland Museum, explains his position. "Most museums are caught in activities which they were never intended to sustain and for which they should not be held responsible. We're forced to defend ourselves against all the ideas other people want us to take on. Nobody else offers to or could do the job museums alone can do. We concentrate on the primary things—conservation, exhibition, scholarship—because we believe we are a reservoir of the past for the future. Our first responsibility is to the object, and to the person who wants to respond to it in a private way. Art is not therapy or fashion or social uplift, and a museum is not a community center."

Cleveland's stubborn resistance to conflicting pressures is all the more conspicuous to the art world because it has been successful, even measured against the success of more flamboyant and "popular" institutions. Total attendance in 1965 was half a million, a per capita attendance of close to twenty-eight per cent, third only to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and New York's Metropolitan. The figure is provocative since the Cleveland, now celebrating its golden anniversary, is half a century younger than these two dowagers among American museums, and its hometown is not by the wildest stretch of the imagination a magnet for tourists.

When the Cleveland Museum was just a debutante, it had about $150,000 a year to spend for pretty things. Today it calculates its assets at $139 million, with an annual budget for acquisitions of $1.5 million. Other museums acknowledge the Cleveland's claim that its collection of forty-one thousand objects is sophisticated and comprehensive, especially fine in Medieval and Oriental treasures. The final testament to success is that dealers, who recognize a promising client when they see one, often give the Cleveland first call when a significant object comes on the market.

In short, Cleveland's museum is rich and handsome and respected. How it got that way and whether it can remain so are favorite guessing games in art circles, especially now when, as Dr. Lee observes ruefully, "the times are somewhat out of joint for serious art museums."

The Cleveland has no walkie-talkies, no picture rental service, no "happenings" in the garden, no flower-arranging courses, no cut-rate trips abroad for members. Its idea of culture does not include balls or galas; a trustee gently explained, "It's simply not our habit. By our charter, we can't serve liquor or beer —not that we'd be likely to serve beer, of course." It has deliberately pared away activities, like the old junior museum or once-popular street fairs, which distract from its primary purpose.

Every serious art museum agrees on that primary purpose—hungrily collecting and lovingly caring for works of art which history and the museum's taste agree deserve to be saved. All American museums, including the Cleveland, undertake the additional burden of education. (Cleveland's Education Department, one of the nation's oldest and busiest, has six full-time and fifty part-time salaried instructors, who last year herded through the galleries nearly 184,000 visitors, including 88,000 school children.) Many museums fully as serious as Cleveland have "diversified" their programs further, with films, musicales, dance groups. One now has a theatre attached (the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, with the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre), another throws an annual bash for members' children, using costumes and props from the collection (the Metropolitan, at an annual cost of about $2,500), and several run sales

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THE REPORTER

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departments for local artists (the Chicago Art Institute is an example).

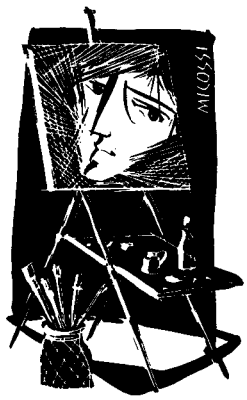
Cleveland is not entirely immune to these pressures for diversity. Among its offerings are a modest film series, frequent lectures, weekly organ concerts. What sets it apart is its clear unabashed position that all these activities are extras. The museum's single-minded insistence on its own tastes and values—and both are avowedly conservative—has laid it open to charges of indifference to new trends and to larger public responsibilities. Admirers of contemporary art say the small collection is inadequate. Defenders of local architectural landmarks do not sympathize with the museum's official hands-off policy toward the destruction of these buildings. One of the city's newspapers from time to time asks crossly why the museum spends so much money on art from foreign countries and so little on American art. Volunteers, that group described by one savant as "the handmaidens and handmisters of the arts," are not cultivated by the museum; its women's auxiliary is limited to seventy-two members, and some of them confess uneasily that they don't feel really *needed*. "The only thing nobody complains about is our policy of free admission," said an elderly trustee. "Well, if everybody loves your museum, there's got to be something wrong with its style."

The museum obviously relishes its reputation as a conservative, even stiff-necked institution, fighting a lonely battle for its private vision. Staff members talk cheerfully about it as a beleaguered fortress, and the director has likened the whole museum enterprise to the art of war, in which museums are the outnumbered forces. These images are revealing if not altogether appropriate. The Cleveland is well protected by self-confidence and its healthy bank account. It can wage its war for independence as it sees fit.

SINCE most museums need money, the easiest way to conquer them is to give them some. Cleveland is rich enough to ward off gifts with strings attached, such as a seat on its fourteen-member Board of Trustees. "If somebody tried to buy his way into the museum hierarchy—say, by offering a wing for op or pop or the performing arts—I'd say keep the money," declares Dr. Lee. "That kind of lay interference and pushiness are approaches foreign to this museum. Money is only money."

Local patrons are not likely to beat down the marble walls bearing gifts the museum doesn't want. Each curator is available to serious collectors in his field. If the patron and curator agree on an object, it is added to the private collection and may some day come to the museum. Any other objects are bought with the explicit understanding that the museum is not interested in having them. This mutual veto arrangement spares the Cleveland those headaches caused by the blurred vision of patrons who believe everything they treasure is worth going on display.

As collectors go, Cleveland collectors are a modest sort. Not one of



them is the kind to attract notoriety in today's flashy art market ("Thank God," breathed a curator). No donor, not even the late Leonard C. Hanna, whose bequest of $34 million in 1958 was one of the largest single gifts ever made to an American museum, has his gifts exhibited separately from the rest of the collection.

While modesty among collectors has been welcomed and encouraged, it has not been so important as the paradoxical fact that there aren't many collectors anyway among the patrons. A staff member explains that the pattern has been for patrons to give money and for curators to spend it. The collection consequently reflects professional judgment rather than the individual idiosyncrasies of donors. "It's even worked to the museum's benefit to have a number of trustees whose interest in art is secondary to their interest in the museum's sound financial situation," comments one curator. "Trustees who are passionate collectors may put up a fight for their specialties or pet artists and have little knowledge or sympathy in other fields." The trustees run their museum the same way they run their businesses or file their tax returns; they hire the best professionals they can find and expect them to do the job.

SEPARATION of powers is not absolute, even at Cleveland. The Board's accessions committee has accepted every object presented to it by the curators, but that is probably not due entirely to the committee's collective amiability. Curators are astute enough not to push for acquisitions the committee is likely to reject. Though they lusted after a voluptuous Maillol nude, the curators decided not to present it because a trustee was adamantly opposed to nudity. A large Jackson Pollock was not offered because the curators knew that Cleveland's trustees are reluctant to spend large sums on modern art. In the kind of sensible working arrangement on which Cleveland prides itself, the Board now allots $50,000 a year to the curator of contemporary art to buy things without asking the accessions committee to look at them. The Board and the staff are comfortably agreed that all of their principles and practices are equally sensible.

One of the basic beliefs in America's cultural faith is that museums exist for the public good, that things of beauty belong in fact as well as in spirit to all the people. Cleveland's museum is convinced that its aristocratic defense of the faith serves the public good better, in the long run, than the melange of programs served up in the name of democracy. If Cleveland's vision is only a day dream for most museums (and a nightmare for utopia-spinners), the curious fact remains that museum directors and trustees everywhere watch it with growing interest. The Cleveland's conservatism may very well be the first hint of a minor revolution in American museum philosophy.

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BOOKS

Power and Its Price

Gene Baro

WASHINGTON, D.C., by Gore Vidal. *Little, Brown. $6.95.*

It is easier for an American novelist to write, for instance, about the principles of good and evil in the universe or, in a confessional vein, of the meaning of being an American, than it is for him to develop an objectified analysis of our society. The United States is preeminently the country of change, and no group has found the shifts and dodges of "progress" more baffling than America's creative intellectuals.

Unlike our own novelists, those in England, for example, have addressed themselves to a known and stable audience, and continue to do so. Most often, they have written out of a viewpoint either in concurrance or in opposition to that of a definable milieu, one easily understood, if not precisely shared, by the country at large.

For most of our history, American writers have doubted both themselves and the audience. They have come from one place—a farm community in the South or the West, perhaps—and have gone on by roundabout courses to another—to New York or Hollywood, where they have become different men as much by accident as by ambition or design. Who am I, this writer asks; what is the meaning of all that has happened to me; and this is the import of his story, which may be an intellectual Rake's Progress or a simple annal of the will to go on. The buttonholing technique of the autobiographical novel is congenial to Americans, who often don't themselves know how they have arrived where they are or even why. All seem to be carried forward by a mystique of progress that ends in suburbia or on the couch.

Another way of catching up with our elusive society (and with oneself) is to net it in a metaphor, to make a poem out of the world of lost expectations and misplaced happiness—that is, to show the essential tragedy—or comedy—of American life, and hence of all life, in a bold and sweeping way. The novel of exile is still another possibility; it is practically an American invention, the writer seeing the world through the shattered mirror of his own existence in London or Paris.

WE HAVE HAD our Thomas Wolfes and Herman Melvilles, our Hemingways and Henry Jameses, we have our Norman Mailers and Thornton Wilders. What we have lacked has been a Fielding, a Trollope, and an Austen—the sort of novel where the drama of human character is revealed *in situ*, which is to say, in society. More often than not, our social novels have been novels with a key, contrivances made to expose a critical or philosophical point. They have not been concerned essentially with human character, but have used it to serve general observations. The Dickensian sort of social criticism, which makes an attack upon the *status quo* by showing us the intricate relationship of a grand gallery of victims and aggressors, is foreign to our pragmatic tradition. We hold sacred everyone's right to change, hence the villain becomes the situation. Since no one is really to blame—or rather, since everyone is—we solemnize, as in Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, or sentimentalize, as in Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*.

Faulkner saw the South as locked in a conflict on the very question of change, and so could treat the region broadly while remaining faithful to the minute particulars of its life. But he is unique both in the scope and in the intensity of his response. The majority of our novelists concerned with society are content to see it as a small machine, whose clockworks, when dismantled, reveals a shiny little driving wheel of truth. But then, my metaphor isn't really a good one, for often the truth lies, so to speak, outside the book, which is only an invention to support it; it is divorced from its real source in experience, perhaps be-

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cause experience has proved intractable or because the insight is a one-shot affair, a gleam in confusion.

Is Gore Vidal one of our genuine social novelists? He ought to be. Few contemporary American writers can match his grasp of the nuances of social relationship. Fewer still have his grasp of history. Yet when we think of our social novelists today, we are apt to think of minor writers or popularizers. The field is open, and largely fallow. The exceptions who suggest themselves in fiction are Peter Taylor and Louis Auchincloss, and possibly James Gould Cozzens. In the work of these men, the part is made to stand for the social whole with clarity and veracity; the meaning flows from a body of fact and observation accurately disposed; the drama of the story is realized not through symbols or principles but through character facing the rules.

Gore Vidal's *Washington, D.C.* takes a long step in this direction. Let me say quickly that the book is an excellent one in most ways that novels now are not. It is truly well-written, with each word bearing its weight of meaning. It is lavish in epigrammatic insight and wit; yet these packed phrases come from the characters convincingly and do not seem merely to have been thrust into their mouths. And the book discovers and develops its theme as it progresses, so that it culminates in a point of view that appears inevitable.

The story that Vidal tells is of the ways of power in contemporary Washington. The time span is 1937 to 1952; in short, we have as background the days of the idealistic and loathed New Deal, the War years with their high tide of opportunism, and the McCarthy era of shameful memory. The characters develop or decay in a shifting political climate. In the atmosphere of Washington, ambition can only be practical. The cost is rarely counted if the ultimate stakes are high enough. What this book demonstrates almost casually is that all justifications of power are equally suspect, but that the pursuit of power, as expressed in change itself, is the law of life. The world of Washington politics is the great world in microcosm. The paradox of existence is that change is hope.

As I've indicated, the conclusions spring logically and easily from the experience of the characters. In the main, the insights are Peter Sanford's. He is the son of a wealthy, politically ambitious newspaper proprietor. We witness Peter's young manhood and emancipation. A liberal journalist and then a publisher in his own right, Peter comes to know his own ruthlessness to be the equal of his father's on the opposite side. Other characters, too, achieve devastating self-discovery. Senator Day finds that corruption is the price of maintaining his detached high-mindedness. Clay Overbury, scheming for the Presidency, understands that he has sold his soul for his public image; he is stuck with the man he thinks the public wants. Enid, Clay's wife, realizes that her power is only in being used.

If there's an objection to this book, it's perhaps that it's too neat, an immensely skillful *roman à clef*, after all, in which much of the machinery is masterfully disguised. I'm not objecting, of course, to the *choice* of characters. Corrupt Senators can't be fictionally redundant when they're so much in the news. What strikes me is that Vidal might have done more *with* character and *through* character; he simply does not go deep enough—as deep as his theme would allow.

Louis Auchincloss wrote of Vidal that he is "the best political novelist since Disraeli." That's the rub. The book suggests Disraeli, but the theme, substantial and mature, outclasses the manner and suggests Stendhal or Tolstoy.

The Way to Savagery

WERNER L. GUNDERSHEIMER

Warrant for Genocide, by Norman Cohn. *Harper & Row. $6.95.*

One of the conditions of life at the moment seems to be that man serves as a witness to his own destruction of his environment and his fellow creatures. Another condition is the continuing anticipation of cataclysm —a sudden and enormous acceleration of the rate of destruction. Most societies have been troubled by fears of such a possibility, but none has heretofore domesticated it, brought it within the realm of rational discourse, "game theory," and contingency planning, or, in effect, made it comprehensible in the language of "do-it-yourself." A third and equally serious condition—one that makes the other two more real, more impossible to face down—is the burden of memory that we bear, the haunting realization of what was done in the fifth decade of the twentieth century by the sons and daughters of western civilization, the beneficiaries of nearly two thousand years of Christianity. So far, German racism has achieved the ultimate in human bestiality and degradation. One may properly doubt that scholarship will ever find a thoroughly adequate ex-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 172

by HENRY ALLEN

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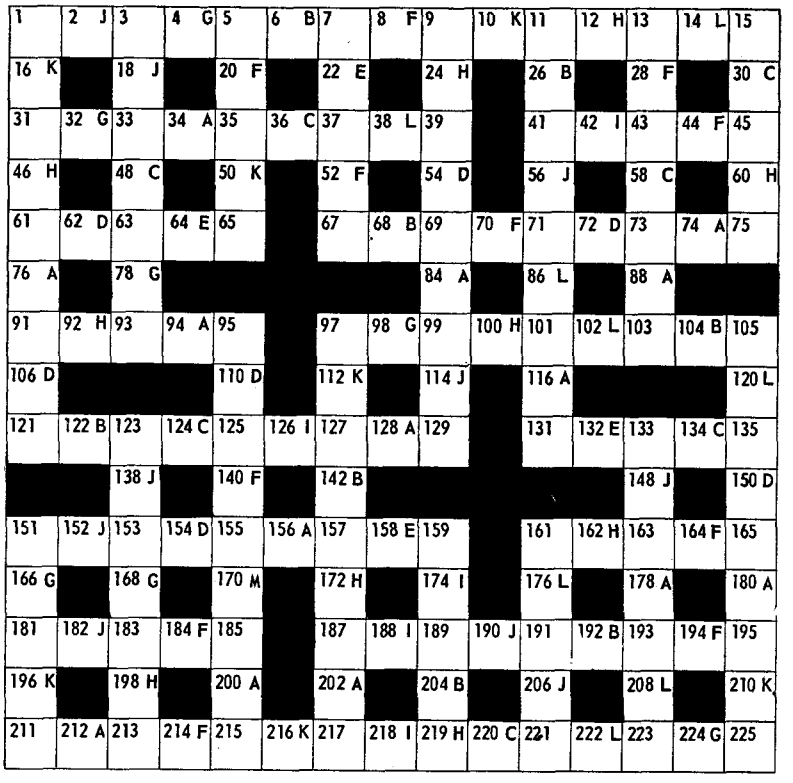
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 178 84 94 128 116 88 212 156 74 200 180 34 202 76 Legal order to abandon a course (5,3,6).

B 204 122 192 26 104 68 142 6 The host in an athletic contest (4,4).

C 30 124 36 134 220 48 58 Control surface of an airplane wing.

D 154 106 62 110 150 72 54 Told by hearsay.

E 22 132 158 64 Place; stead.

F 214 52 164 184 194 140 70 20 44 28 8 Substance of a breakfast (3,3,5).

G 4 98 166 78 168 32 224 Member of the family Eumetopias jubata or Zalophus californianus (3,4).

H 100 60 198 92 219 172 12 170 24 162 46 Homely help or the bread and circuses of Ancient Rome? (8,3).

I 188 218 42 174 126 French town, site of conference in 1962.

J 2 152 114 56 138 206 18 148 190 182 Pay off a mortgage, for example (6,4).

K 216 210 50 196 112 16 10 Unit of heat measurement.

L 120 102 86 176 222 14 38 208 Anything beneficial to you (4,4).

ACROSS

1. What, among other things, the Acrostician is (8,7).
31. Lion 'n' lion is a vast sum.
41. Six surround a little corporation to become an artist.
61. Make wet, a bum, that is to say.
67. Bend ewers to form fresh types (3,6).
91. African sorcery in the probe a headman uses.
97. Where to find a low old plantation? (4,5).
121. Twists one to view it (2,7).
131. Cubed and frozen in the middle.
151. State of one who carries his cot, or is he confined?
161. Kind of wild dog that's doing these days.
181. Province of the employee Nanking hires.
187. What to make if you're not to be willless.
211. Spy found beneath the sheets? (10,5).

DOWN

1. Discover or learn it's not at home? (4,2,3).
3. Make Noel and Ben peers.
5. Tudor chronicler and German city have everything in the middle.
7. Straighten out the lag in this.
9. Beach vegetation Swedes and others have.
11. Under Eve's care, completely new (5,4).
13. Part of a car body may weigh a ton.
15. Run on these liars.
95. Mexican food at night, perhaps? (3,6).
97. Eat sordid food, but fear the result inordinately (5,2,2).
105. A dory that's a boiler control.
123. Said after a 95 down, perhaps.
133. Yield when once within.
151. Purchase something for you, they say, in such a river outlet.
159. Elizabethan dramatist disguised as Shane!
161. A doctor and his association make up the stuff of the theater.

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planation for what happened. But valiant attempts have been made to understand its origins and development, and this book is one of the best.

NORMAN COHN is an accomplished student of the shady realms where ideology, theology, psychopathology, and mass behavior meet. The phrase *Warrant for Genocide* suggests his view of the relation of ideology to action under Nazism. But the subject of this book is somewhat broader, as its subtitle suggests: "The myth of the Jewish world-conspiracy and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*." The *Protocols* are a notorious forgery, regarded as the most widely distributed book in the world except the Bible during the 1920's and 1930's, concocted during the early nineteenth century in France from various sources and amplified by numerous editors, but of unknown authorship. They purport to represent lectures setting forth to the Elders of Zion a plan for Jewish domination of the world, by one of their number. It is in the *Protocols* that Mr. Cohn finds his answer to the central question of when anti-Semitism moves out of the realm of social attitudes into that of systematic attacks on Jews. In his words:

"As I see it, the deadliest kind of antisemitism, the kind that results in massacre and attempted genocide, has little to do with real conflicts of interest between living people, or even with racial prejudice as such. At its heart lies the belief that Jews—all Jews everywhere —form a conspiratorial body set on ruining and then dominating the rest of mankind. And this belief is simply a modernized, secularized version of the popular medieval view of Jews as a league of sorcerers employed by Satan for the spiritual and physical ruination of Christendom."

This book, then, is an investigation of how the medieval view was adapted and transformed for use in modern industrial societies in the nineteenth century, and then revived and put to work with such devastating effect in the twentieth. Mr. Cohn is a remarkable guide and interpreter in this weird subculture of mystics, swindlers, psychopaths, and charlatans of all kinds and degrees, who wrote, edited, published, and distributed the forgeries and slanders that millions came to accept. With careful scholarship and in excellent prose, he traces the composition and describes the dissemination of the *Protocols* and related texts, and studies their impact on anti-Semitic thought.

Though the account ends in 1945, we are reminded that the myth is still propounded, particularly in areas harboring Nazi émigrés—the United Arab Republic and certain South American countries. An elaborate Spanish version of the *Protocols* was one response to the Vatican II debates on the Church's position concerning the Jews, and a new German edition printed in Switzerland has recently been reported. Elsewhere in Europe and the United States, the *Protocols* are by now virtually out of circulation.

IN AN AGE of extreme, sometimes even myopic specialization in historical studies, such extensive emphasis on ideological backgrounds might arouse suspicion that Mr. Cohn has exaggerated the importance of his own set of concerns. Nothing could be further from the truth. The author keenly understands that will-o'-the-wisp, influence, and seeks to specify the general changes in the European environment that enabled the "pathological fantasies disguised as ideas" which were "churned out by crooks and half-educated fanatics for the benefit of the ignorant and superstitious" to became the foundation of national policy in Germany. It was in the widespread disorientation following the Russian Revolution and the First World War, and during the ensuing economic crises, that these ideas came to be accepted by political opportunists and seekers of scapegoats. "On the other hand all these disasters together could never have produced an Auschwitz without the help of a myth which was designed to appeal to all the paranoid and destructive potentialities in human beings."

The trials of reading this book all have to do with the nature of the materials, for the author makes deft use of his examples and spares unnecessary detail. Time and again one is struck by the grotesque disparity between the views of the anti-Semites, in all their patent and ridiculous absurdity, and the grim savagery they stimulated. Farce becomes tragic irony, and the world is its stage. Many of the key figures in the propagation of the myth would seem like comic-opera villains, were it not for the unbroken chain of thought and action that leads from them directly to the pogrom at Kishinev, the murder of Rathenau, the Nuremberg Laws, and the gas ovens. No one is more conscious of this irony than the author, who observes that "It is characteristic of the story of the *Protocols* that it keeps jerking one out of farce into the starkest tragedy."

One of the most revealing points to emerge from the postwar trials is that important Nazis involved in the "final solution" commonly believed that their acts were morally justified. Far from regarding their work as in any way reprehensible, they believed that they were making an essential contribution to civilization by ridding the world of all Jews, whose leaders were on the verge of their final conquest. The Nazis, like the Russian *pogromshchiki* before them, found the ultimate moral justification for their behavior in the myth of the conspiracy.

MR. COHN goes beyond making these connections to suggest that the Jew as an archetypal figure

Confessional

Calvin's cold control
Is bad for my young bones.
The North is far too damp,
Too flat to be annoyed
With Sunday "Rock of Ages."

I need the warm ritual of Popes.
The pious concern for hot flesh
And the dark, private
Forgiving confessionals.

In faith I can be faithless.
To know the gothic chill
Will give my body up,
To hope he too
Had eaten well.

—NORMAN JACKSON

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has been the victim of "unconscious negative projections," whereby he came to be regarded as the " 'bad son,' i.e., the rebellious son full of murderous wishes towards the father, and the 'bad father,' i.e., the potential torturer, castrator, and killer of the son." He presents interesting evidence for this view, which can serve at least as a working hypothesis to explain why persecution of Jews has been historically such a different phenomenon from persecution of any other social, racial, or religious group. The traditional charge of deicide, the discussions at Vatican II, and much of the language of medieval and modern anti-Semitism help to substantiate this hypothesis. It is also compatible with Mr. Cohn's eloquent demonstration that the appearance of what he calls "exterminatory antisemitism" has much less to do with the real position of Jews in a given society than with the presence or absence of an ideology to justify the holocaust.

Of all the fantasies that have troubled men's minds through the ages, none has had more vicious practical consequences, nor has any received more scrupulous and penetrating research and analysis than Norman Cohn has given us here.

Modi-fied Rapture

JAY JACOBS

MODIGLIANI, by Pierre Sichel. *Dutton. $10.00.*

The Italian-born painter Amedeo Modigliani managed to get through his three score years and ten in exactly half the allotted time, and appears to have spent a considerable portion of his truncated life in eyeball-to-cobblestone confrontation with the gutters of Montmartre and Montparnasse. With not much else in the way of ideas or events to write about, it would be logical to assume that any book on Modigliani running to well over five hundred pages would be concerned for the most part with the man's art. Pierre Sichel, the latest in a long line of Modigliani biographers, has precious little to say about his subject's work, however, and the most interesting questions his book raises are how its covers manage to stay as far apart as they do, and why its author chose to document Modigliani's life with stupefying prolixity when, as he himself writes, "How he lived his life does not matter."

Let us dwell fleetingly (or at least more fleetingly than does Mr. Sichel), for example, on the author's inexhaustible fascination with his protagonist's good looks. In his opening remarks Mr. Sichel makes obvious his contempt for what Modigliani's daughter called "the indulgent sentimentalists who melt as they tell of the handsome and elegant young man. . . ." Less than two pages later Mr. Sichel turns somewhat molten himself in describing his subject as an "irresistibly handsome god." In the rubric to chapter one we are advised that Modigliani was "*joli comme un coeur*"; this is repeated on page thirty, and a page later we are informed (by a now deliquescent Mr. Sichel) that the artist-to-be was "heartbreakingly beautiful." By page thirty-four he has become "angelically beautiful," and as Mr. Sichel warms to his subject, he melts apace. Page thirty-nine: "the sturdy dark-haired boy with the extraordinarily handsome face"; page forty-three contains two more "handsomes" and another encore of "*joli comme un coeur.*"

So it goes at the rate of a "handsome" or such every few pages. Skipping the routine references, we get, on page seventy: "her son's shining, ecstatic face—never more beautiful than now"; page seventy-two: "In any group of people Modigliani would have demanded a second or a third look: the rich, burnished mass of curly black hair . . . the firm, good straight nose; the strong uptilting chin; the smooth, white-marble-like complexion with the blueish tones of a heavy beard"; page 190: "He had . . . unforgettable good looks [we are reminded]. He was still a beautiful man. He walked like a young god . . ." (further description of glossy black hair, etc.)

MR. SICHEL's dithyramb is momentarily interrupted at this point, in part by a portfolio of photographs of Modigliani, who turns out to be not bad looking. By page 195, though, he is back on the job, this time assisted by the sculptor Jacob Epstein, who tells us that Modigliani was "handsome." A second sculptor, Jacques Lipchitz, is recruited on page 207, and dutifully remarks on Modigliani's "handsome appearance." Still another sculptor, Ossip Zadkine, joins the chorus on page 221: " 'He —so beautiful, so fine in the oval of his face' "; Zadkine reappears to do the "young god" bit on the fol-

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lowing page, and on the page following *that* Mr. Sichel is on his own again: "Modi was so handsome, so attractive"; on the next page a nonentity of the period is invoked briefly so that reference can be made to Modigliani's "liquid southern eyes." Several photographs of the liquid southern eyes follow, and two pages later we are informed that Modigliani was "*très beau.*" On page 232 he is "very handsome" and "good looking," according to Mr. Sichel, who somewhat ruefully acknowledges that "Aicha [a popular model of the time] is far more lyrical" in her own description of the man: " 'How beautiful he was, my God, how beautiful!' " Modigliani is "beautiful" three more times on page 244, and his "good looks" are again mentioned five pages later. Page 252: " 'He had curly black hair and brown eyes and was very good looking' "; page 254: "beautiful"; page 255: "great physical appeal"; page 257: " 'His face . . . so handsome and limpid' "; 266: " 'a beautiful man.' "

A minor sculptress, Chana Orloff, finds her way into Mr. Sichel's great work long enough to testify that Modigliani's "figure made me think of Michelangelo's *David,*" but the author takes over again on page 378, to tell us that "Modi was handsome —handsome. . . . ." A painter, Anders Osterlind, appears on page 408, dropping *his* token into the turnstile: "He had the beautiful features of an Italian prince. . . ."

ABOUT two-thirds of the way through the book Mr. Sichel reaches a point in history where Modigliani's appearance seems to have undergone some rapid deterioration along with his health; in the course of the next couple hundred pages, the author confines his lyricism to just a few "very handsomes" and a retrospective (and rather wistful) "*joli comme un coeur.*"

On occasion the author requires far less space in which to exercise his penchant for iteration: "Modigliani," we are advised, "said that this book [*Les Chants de Maldoror*] was the one that had ruined or made his life." A scant eight lines later we find: ". . . his bible, *Les Chants de Maldoror,* had ruined or made his life."

Mr. Sichel adds a good deal of

upholstery to his *chef d'oeuvre* with another ingenious ploy: the gratuitous (and frequently inaccurate) translation of the simplest of French terms. "*Une vache,*" for example, becomes "an old bag" in Mr. Sichel's hands, and "*vieux marc*" is watered down into "a cheap table wine." Not content with having committed the latter *gaffe* once, Mr. Sichel is generous enough to come to the assistance of anyone who may have overlooked the misinformation on the first go-round, and later announces that *marc* is "a kind of wine made from the residue of pressed grapes or apples."

The author further bulks up his product by taking the time to contradict himself at almost every available turn: Modigliani "discovers" hashish in Paris after first having given it a whirl or two in Venice; hashish is either "non-habit-forming" or "a bad habit," depending upon the author's whim of the moment. At one point it is flatly stated that "Modigliani does not seem to have borrowed from Brancusi or been otherwise directly influenced by his distinctive work," but a few pages later we learn that "Modi evidently lavished great care on these enigmatic pieces that show the influence of Brancusi . . .". At the top of page 178, Mr. Sichel informs us that "Modi didn't and never would" borrow money, that he was "too proud," but by the bottom of the same page our erratic author has embarked on an extended, fully-documented chronicle of his hero's frequent attempts to float small loans. "There is probably only one portrait of Modi done from life, a sketch by André Derain," writes Mr. Sichel, who elsewhere in the book reproduces and comments upon another portrait sketch from life, drawn by Jeanne Hébuterne, Modigliani's common-law wife. And so it goes.

There would be little point in wasting anyone's time with a detailed inventory of these absurdities (and I have only scratched the surface) if the book did not come to us in the guise of a serious work on which intensive scholarship has been expended—or if it were anything but just what it pretends not to be. A number of questions that could easily have been put to knowledgable survivors are left to idle surmise, and matters that could have been resolved simply by a phone call to an information desk are cloaked in as much mystery as the origins of Stonehenge.

ON the other hand, the most sedulous documentation has been lavished on an enormous mass of personal trivia of use or interest to nobody but future perpetrators of equally useless and uninteresting biographies. Mr. Sichel devotes a portion of his opening remarks to a fulmination against "sensational novels, hoked-up or fictionalized biographies, and films that of course accent drink, drugs, degradation, sex, sin, and madness, and give no time to the exploration of his towering artistic achievement." Mr. Sichel indulges in considerable fictioneering himself, however (a long, ostensibly verbatim but absolutely undocumented monologue, for example, is introduced with the assertion that "they all turned him down in the same words"), and his own degree of biographical balance and objectivity is neatly summed up in lines like "As for Commissaire Rousselot [a Paris cop who fifty years ago closed down a show of Modigliani nudes], he ought to have taken poison."

Mr. Sichel's own exploration of Modigliani's towering artistic achievement is limited to a lengthy threnody on the rapid escalation of the sale prices of the painter's works after his death, a final chapter in which a number of rather fuzzy critical statements are quoted to no particular purpose, and a few scattered, purely descriptive passages on individual works. In one of these we are informed that one of Modigliani's sculptures had no eyelashes. An invaluable addition to the fund of man's knowledge of himself and his art.

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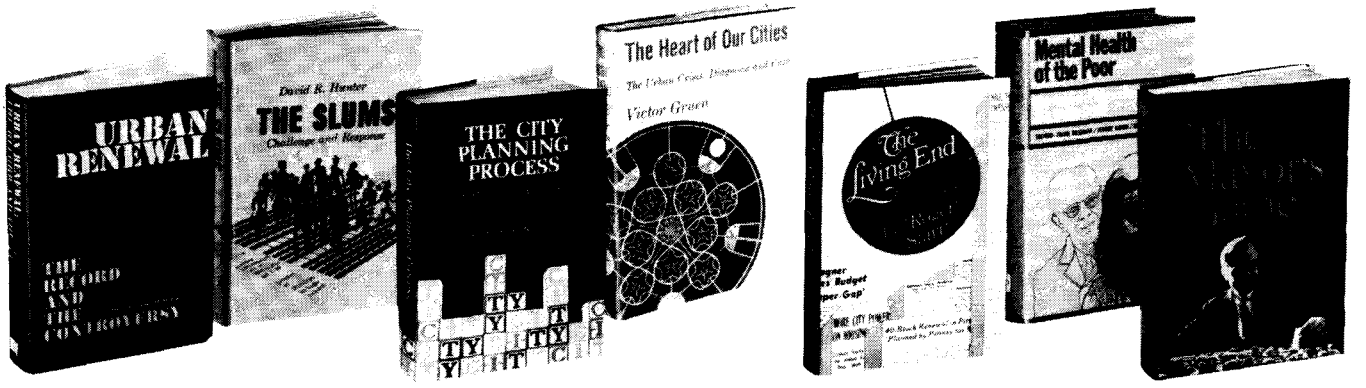

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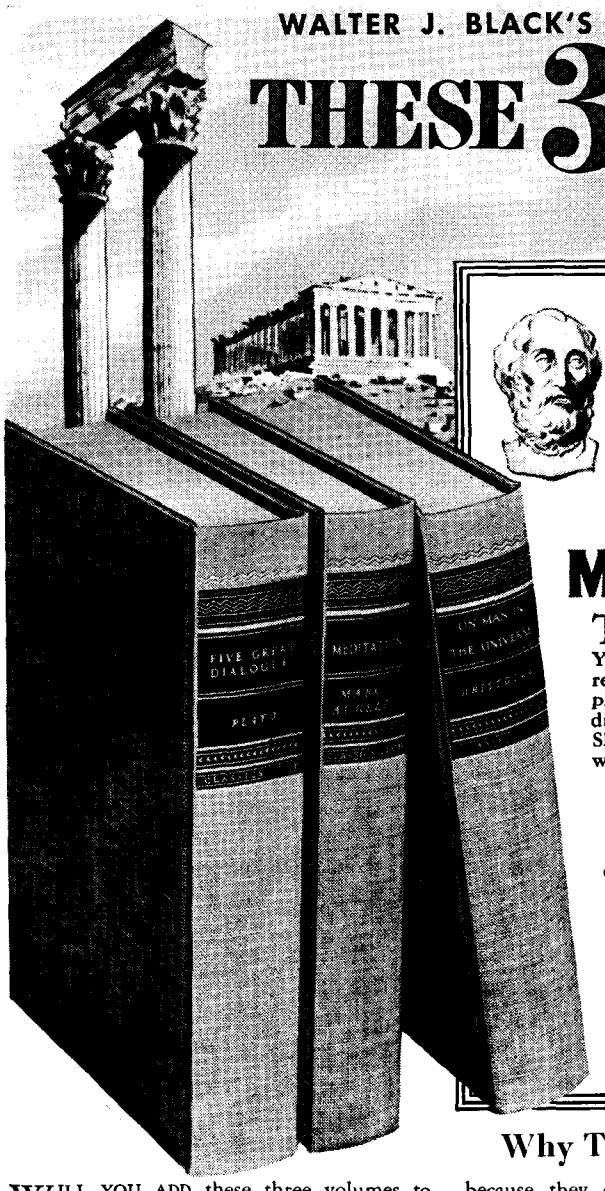

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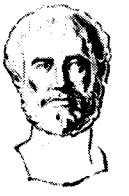

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